THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

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Editor—J. W. MILNE

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"The Smart Set" Magazine, Dane's Inn House, 265 Strand, W.C. 2
to which all editorial and advertising matter should be addressed.

The INDIAN RESTAURANT

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9, LEICESTER PLACE, W.C. 2

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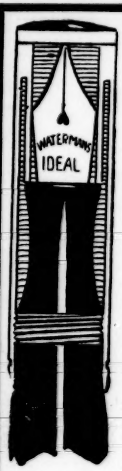

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Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

GIDDY HEIGHTS

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

"Cupid in the Ascendant"

HAVING probably written more about clothes than any man, not excepting Carlyle, I am sick to death of the subject. But unhappily for me the public isn't.

It is unfortunate to be blessed with a vivid imagination and cursed with the vice of truthfulness. Better by far to adopt the sound, smug, commercial, Victorian maxim, "As I have made my business so must I lie on it . . . and rely on it."

The prices for "good" clothes are scandalously high, but they are unavoidable on the present market. The best cashmere lounge suits cost £16 16s., and could be produced for £8 8s. before this expensive war. And with the cost of materials and production the net profit is lower than in 1914. But high as this price is, it is infinitely lower in comparison to all other necessities.

Let us compare. Suppose one tires of dining "Up West" at an average cost of £3 odd for two, and decides on the simplest possible meal at one's flat. An omelette, a little chicken and bacon, and, in a repentant mode of economy, no wine, but good British beer . . . the backbone of the nation . . . etc., etc., plus tosh, etc.

With considerable difficulty, much abuse, and after being treated like a refugee by the dirty little grocer, as a great favour one might possibly obtain: Some pickled and explosive eggs at about 5d. each, an elderly chicken at 12s. 6d., some briny bacon at 2s. 4d., and some ghastly swipes (optimistically called beer) at 10d. a bottle. All the purveyors are making colossally vulgar dividends. Not only are their prices giddily ungodly, but they are horribly uncivil in selling their goods.

* * * * *

Such an atmosphere does not exist in the House of Pope and Bradley. If the prices are so high that only the exclusive few can pay them, then at least the few will find a refreshing and almost mediæval courtesy and dignity and the best materials that can be procured. Bond Street has a tradition which it will maintain, despite the unpleasant fact that the West End is becoming so primitive that it will soon be known as the "Wild West."

The following minimum charges are still within the border line of reason. Tweed Lounge Suits from £8 18s. 6d. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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Dainty Tea Frocks

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This attractive Tea Gown is adapted from an exclusive Paris model, and is made in good quality Crêpe de Chine that can be recommended for good wear.

TEA FROCK, as sketch, cut on entirely new lines, in good quality Crêpe de Chine, draped skirt, finished with self plaitings. In black, and a good range of colours.

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DRESSY SUIT in rich quality faille silk. Coat cut on simple becoming lines with belt and band of nutria plush. Well-cut, straight-hanging skirt with band of plush at foot. In a few good colours.

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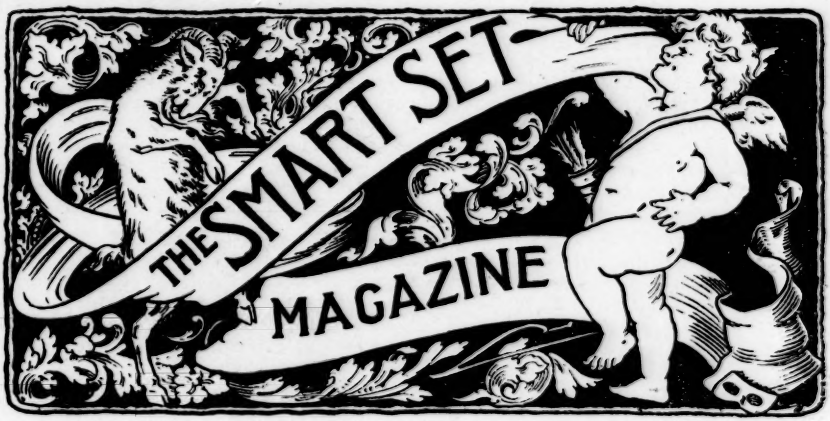
Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

Vol. LVII MARCH, 1919 No. 3



A CYCLE OF MANHATTAN

By Thyra Samter Winslow

I

THE Rosenheimers arrived in New York on a day in April. New York, flushed with the first touch of Spring, moved on inscrutably, almost suavely unawares. It was the greatest thing that had ever happened to the Rosenheimers, and even in the light of the profound experiences that were to follow it kept its vast grandeur and separateness, its mysterious and benumbing superiority. Viewed later, in half-fearful retrospect, it took on the character of something unearthly, unmatchable and never quite clear—a violent gallimaufry of strange tongues, humiliating questionings, freezing uncertainties, sudden and paralyzing activities.

The Rosenheimers came by way of the Atlantic Ocean, and if anything remained unclouded in their minds it was a sense of that dour and implacable highway's unfriendliness. They thought of it ever after as an intolerable motion, a penetrating and suffocating smell. They saw it through drenched skylights—now and then as a glimpse of blinding blue on brisk, heaving mornings. They remembered the harsh, unintelligible exactions of officials in curious little blue coats. They dreamed for years of endless nights in damp, smothering bunks. They carried off the taste of strange foods, barbarously served. The Rosenheimers came in the steerage.

There were, at that time, seven of them, if you count Mrs. Feinberg. As Mrs. Feinberg had, for a period of eight years—the age of the oldest Rosenheimer child—been called nothing but Grandma by the family and occasionally Grandma Rosenheimer by outsiders, she was practically a Rosenheimer, too. Grandma was Mrs. Rosenheimer's mother, a decent, simple, round-shouldered "sheideled," little old woman, to whom life was a ceaseless washing of dishes, making of beds, caring for children and cooking of meals. She ruled them all, unknowing.

The head of the house of Rosenheimer was, fittingly, named Abraham. This had abbreviated itself, even in Lithuania, to a more intimate Abe. Abe Rosenheimer was thirty-three, sal-

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low, thin-cheeked and bearded, with a slightly aquiline nose. He was already growing bald. He was not tall and he stooped. He was a clothing cutter by trade. Since his marriage, nine years before, he had been saving to bring his family over. Only the rapid increase of its numbers had prevented him coming sooner.

Abraham Rosenheimer was rather a silent man and he looked stern. Although he recognized his inferiority in a superior world, he was not without his ambitions. These looked toward a comfortable home, his own chair with a lamp by it, no scrimping about meat at meals and a little money to put by. He had heard stories about fortunes that could be made in America and in his youth they had stirred him. Now he was not much swayed by them. He was fond of his family and he wanted them "well taken care of," but in the world that he knew the rich and the poor were separated by an unscalable barrier. Unless incited temporarily to revolution by fiery acquaintances he was content to hope for a simple living, work not too hard or too long, a little leisure, tranquillity.

He had a comfortable faith which included the belief that, if a man does his best, he'll usually be able to make a living for his family. "Health is the big thing," he would say, and "The Lord will provide." Outside of his prayer-book, he did little reading. It never occurred to him that he might be interested in the outside world. He knew of the existence of none of the arts. His home and his work were all he had ever thought about.

Mrs. Rosenheimer, whose first name was Minnie, was thirty-one. She was a younger and prettier reproduction of her mother, plump and placid, with a mouth inclined to petulancy.

There were four Rosenheimer children. Yetta was eight, Isaac six, Carrie three and little Emanuel had just had his first birthday. Yetta and Carrie were called by their own first names, but Isaac, in America, almost immediately gave way to Ike and little Emanuel became Mannie. They were much alike, dark-haired, dark-eyed, restless, shy, wondering.

The Rosenheimers had several acquaintances in New York, people from the little village near Grodno who had preceded them to America. Most of these now lived in the Ghetto that was arising on the East Side of New York, and Rosenheimer had thought that his family would go there, too, so as to be near familiar faces. He had written, several months before, to one Abramson, a sort of distant cousin, who had been in America for twelve years. As Abramson had promised to meet them, he decided to rely on Abramson's judgment in finding a home in the city.

Abramson was at Ellis Island and greeted the family with vehement embraces. He seemed amazingly well dressed and at home. He wore a large watch-chain and no less than four rings. He introduced his wife, whom he had married since coming to America, though she, too, had come from the old country. She wore silk and carried a parasol.

"I've got a house all picked out for you," he explained in familiar Yiddish. "It isn't in the Ghetto, where some of our friends live, but it's cheap, with lots of comforts and near where you can get work, too."

Any house would have suited the Rosenheimers. They were pitifully anxious to get settled, to rid themselves of the foundationless feeling which had taken possession of them. With eager docility, Yetta carrying Mannie and each of the others carrying a portion of the bundles of wearing apparel and feather comforts which formed their luggage, they followed Abramson to a surface car and to their new home. In their foreign clothes and with their bundles they felt almost as uncomfortable as they had been on shipboard.

The Rosenheimers' new home was in MacDougal Street. They looked with awe on the exterior and pronounced it wonderful. Such a fine building! Of red brick it was! There were three stories. The first story was a stable,

the big door open. Little Isaac had to be pulled past the restless horses in front of it. The whole family stood for a moment, drinking in the wonders, then followed Abramson up the stairs. On the second floor several families lived in what the Rosenheimers thought was palatial grandeur. Even their own home was elegant. It consisted of two rooms—the third floor front. They could hardly be convinced that they were to have all that space. There was a stove in the second room and gas fixtures in both of them—and there was a bathroom, with running water, in the general hall! The Rosenheimers didn't see that the paper was falling from the walls and that, where it had been gone for some years, the plaster was falling, too. Nor that the floor was roughly uneven.

"Won't it be too expensive?" asked Rosenheimer. Abramson chuckled. Though he himself was but a trimmer by trade, he was pleased with the rôle of fairy godfather. He liked twirling wonders in the faces of these simple folk. In comparison, he felt himself quite a success, a cosmopolite. Just about Rosenheimer's age, he had small deposits in two savings banks, a three-room apartment, a wife and two American sons, Sam and Morrie. Both were in public school, and both could speak "good English." He patted Rosenheimer on the back jovially.

"You don't need to worry," he said. "A good cutter here in New York don't have to worry. Even a 'greenhorn' makes a living. There's half a dozen places *you* can choose from. I'll tell you all about it, and where to go, tomorrow. Now, we'll go over to my house and have something to eat. Then you'll see how you'll be living in a few years. You can borrow some things from us until you get your own. My wife will be glad to go with Mrs. Rosenheimer and show her where to buy."

The Rosenheimers gave signs of satisfaction as they dropped their bundles and sat down on the empty boxes that stood around, or on the floor. This was something like it! Here they had a fine home in a big brick house, a sure chance of Rosenheimer getting a good job, friends to tell them about things—they had already found their place in New York! Grandma, trembling with excitement, took Mannie in her arms and held him up dramatically.

"See, Mannie, see Mannischen—this is fine—this is the way to live!"

II

THINGS turned out even more miraculously than the Rosenheimers had dared to hope. After only three days Rosenheimer found a job as a pants cutter at the fabulous wages he had heard of. He could not only pay the high rent, twelve dollars a month, he would also have enough left over for food and clothes, and to furnish the home, if they were careful. Maybe, after the house was in order, there would even be a little to put by. Of course it was no use being too happy about it, he told Mrs. Rosenheimer.

"It looks fine now, but you know you can't always tell. It takes a whole lot to feed a big family."

Although secretly delighted, he was solemn and rather silent over his good fortune. Abraham Rosenheimer was a cautious man.

Mrs. Abramson initiated Grandma and Mrs. Rosenheimer into New York buying. It was fascinating, even more so than buying had been at home. There were neighbourhood shops where Yiddish was spoken, and already the family was beginning to learn a little English. Mrs. Rosenheimer listened closely to what people said and the children picked up words, playing in the street.

The next weeks were orgies of buying. Not that much was bought, for there wasn't much money and it had to be spent very carefully, but each article meant exploring, looking and haggling. Grandma took the lead in buying—didn't Grandma always do such things? Grandma was only fifty-seven and spry for her age. Didn't she

take care of the children and do more than her share of the housework?

Grandma was supremely happy. She liked to buy and she felt that merchants couldn't fool her, even in this strange country. A table was the first thing purchased. It was almost new and quite large. It was pine and bare of finish, but, after Grandma had scrubbed it and scoured it, it looked clean and wholesome. It was quite a nice table and only wobbled a little when you leaned on it heavily, for the legs weren't quite even. One was a little loose and Grandma didn't seem able to fasten it. Assisted by Mrs. Rosenheimer and Yetta, she scrubbed the whole flat, so that it equalled the new table in immaculateness. There were families who liked dirt—Grandma had seen them, even in America—but she was glad she didn't belong to one of them.

Then came chairs, each one picked out with infinite care and much sibilant whispering between Grandma, Mrs. Rosenheimer and Mrs. Abramson. There was a rocker, slat-backed, from which most of the slats were missing, though it still rocked "as good as new." The next chair was leather-covered, though the leather was cut through in places, allowing the horse-hair stuffing to protrude. But, as Mrs. Abramson pointed out, this was an advantage, it showed that the filling wasn't an inferior cotton. There were two straight chairs, one with a leatherette seat, nailed on with bright-coloured nails, the other with a wicker seat, quite neatly mended. There was a cot for Grandma and a bed for Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheimer and Emanuel. The other children were well and strong and could sleep on the floor, of course. Hadn't they brought fine soft feathers with them?

All of the furniture was second—or third—hand and the previous owners had not treated it with much care. So Grandma got some boxes to help out, and she and the Rosenheimers worked over them, pulling and driving nails. Finally they had a cupboard which held all of the new dishes—almost new, if you don't mind a few hardly noticeable nicked edges—and decorated with fine pink roses. Some of the boxes were still used as chairs, "to help out." One fine, high one did very nicely as an extra table, with a grand piece of brand-new oilcloth, in a marbled pattern, tacked over it. They had a home now.

Grandma and Mrs. Rosenheimer marketed every day at the stores and markets in the neighbourhood. Rosenheimer sometimes complained that they used too much money, but, then, he "liked to eat well." The little Rosenheimers grew round and merry.

Grandma and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheimer, looking at the children and at their two big rooms—all their own and so nicely furnished—could hardly imagine anything finer. Grandma and Rosenheimer were absolutely at peace. But Mrs. Rosenheimer knew that, with more money, there were a lot of things you could buy. She had walked through Washington Square and up Fifth Avenue. She had seen people in fine clothes, people of her own race, too. She didn't have much, after all. Still, most of the time she was content.

Gradually, too, Rosenheimer saw shadows of wealth. He heard rumours of how fortunes were made overnight—his boss now, a few years before, had been a poor boy.... Nevertheless, smoking his cigarettes and reading his Yiddish paper after his evening meal, or talking with Abramson or one of the men he had met, he was well satisfied with New York as he had found it.

III

As the months passed, the Rosenheimers drank in, unbelievably fast, the details of the city. Already the children were beginning to speak English, not just odd words, here and there, but whole sentences. Already, too, they were beginning to be ashamed of being "greenhorns" and were planning the time when they could say they had been over for years or had been born here. Little Mannie was beginning to talk

and everyone said he spoke English without an accent.

Yetta and Ike started to school. Each day they brought home some startling bit of information that the family received and assimilated without an eyewink. Although most of the men at the shop spoke Yiddish, Rosenheimer was learning English, too. He even spoke, vaguely, about learning to read it and write it, and he began to look over English papers, now and then, interestedly. Mrs. Rosenheimer also showed faint literary leanings and sometimes asked questions about things.

Ike was always eager to tell everything he had learned. In a sharp little voice he would instruct, didactically, anyone within hearing distance. He rather annoyed Rosenheimer, who was not blinded by the virtues of his eldest son. But he was Mrs. Rosenheimer's favourite. She would sit, hands folded across her ample lap, smiling proudly as he unrolled his fathomless knowledge.

"Listen at that boy! Ain't he wonderful, the way he knows so much?" she would exclaim.

Yetta's learning took the form, principally, of wanting things. Each day, it seemed, she could find out something else she didn't have, that belonged to all American children. And, no matter how penniless Rosenheimer had just declared himself to be, unsmilingly and a bit shamefacedly, he would draw pennies out of the depths of the pocket of his shiny trousers.

Only Grandma showed no desire to learn the ways of the new country. She didn't mind picking up a little English, of course, though she'd got along very nicely all of her life without it. Still, in a new country, it didn't hurt to know something about the language. But as for reading—well, Yiddish was good enough for her, though she didn't mind admitting she didn't read Yiddish very easily. Grandma had little use for the printed word.

Each week the Rosenheimers' clothes changed nearer to the prevailing styles of MacDougal Street. Only a few weeks after they arrived Mrs. Rosenheimer, overcome by her new surroundings, bought, daringly, a lace sailor collar, which she fastened around the neck of her old-world costume. As the months passed, even this failed to satisfy. The dress itself finally disappeared, reappearing as a school frock for Yetta, and Mrs. Rosenheimer wore a modest creation of red plaid worsted which Grandma and she had made, huge sleeves, bell skirt and all, after one they had seen in Washington Square on a "society lady."

Just a year after they arrived in America, Mrs. Rosenheimer discarded her *sheidel*. She even tried to persuade Grandma to leave hers off, but Grandma demurred. There were things you couldn't do decently, even in a new country. Mrs. Rosenheimer made the innovation in a spirit of fear, but when no doom overtook her and she found, in a few weeks, how "stylish" she looked, she never regretted the change. She was wearing curled bangs, good as the next one, before long.

Little Ike had a new suit, bought ready-made, his first bought suit, not long afterwards. The trousers were a bit too long, but surely that was an advantage, for he was growing fast, going on eight. They couldn't call him a "greenhorn" now. He came home, too, with reports of how smart his teacher said he was and of the older boys, unbelievers, whom he had "got ahead of" in school. His shrill voice would grow louder and higher as he would explain to the admiring Mrs. Rosenheimer and Grandma what a fine lad he was getting to be.

Other signs of change now appeared. Scarcely a year had gone by before lace curtains appeared at the two front windows. They were of different patterns, but what of that? They had been cheaper that way, as "samples." By tautly drawn strings, white and stiff they clung, adding a touch of elegance to the abode. Only three months later a couch was added, the former grandeur of its tufted surface not at all dimmed

by a few years of wear. Yetta and Carrie slept on it, luxuriously, one at each end. It was a long couch and they were so little.

Then a cupboard for dishes appeared. Grandma bought it from a family that was "selling out." It had glass doors. At least there had been glass doors. One was broken now, but who noticed that? In the corner of the front room, opposite the couch, it looked very "stylish." And not long afterward there was carpet in the front room, three strips of it, with a red and green pattern. Then, indeed, the Rosenheimers felt that they could, very proudly, "be at home to their friends." They had company now, families of old friends and new, from the Ghetto and from their own neighbourhood. And they visited, *en masse*, in return.

There wasn't much money, of course. Rosenheimer was getting good wages, but children eat a lot and beg for pennies between meals. And shoes! But like many men of his race and disposition, Rosenheimer never contributed quite all of his funds to his household. Nor did he take his women into his confidence. He felt that they could not counsel him wisely, which was probably right, for neither Grandma nor Mrs. Rosenheimer was interested in anything outside of their home and their friends. Besides this, he had a natural secrecy, a dislike of talking things over with his family. So, each week, he made an infinitesimal addition to the savings account he had started. He even considered various investments—he knew of men who were buying the tenements in which they lived on wages no bigger than his, living in the basement and taking care of the house outside of working hours. But he felt that he was still too much the "greenhorn" for such enterprises, so he kept on with his small and secret savings.

IV

In 1897 another member was added to the family. This meant a big expense, a midwife and later a doctor, but Rosenheimer had had a raise by this time—he was, in fact, now a foreman—so the expense was met without difficulty. There was real joy at the arrival of this baby—more than at the coming of any of the previous children. For this was an American baby, and seemed, in some way, to make the whole family more American. The baby was a girl and even the sex seemed satisfactory, though, of course, at every previous addition the Rosenheimers had hoped for a boy.

There was a great discussion, then, about names. Before this, a baby had always been named after some dead ancestor or relative without much ado. It was best to name a child after a relative, but, according to custom, if the name didn't quite suit, you took the initial instead. By some process of reasoning, this was supposed to be naming the child "after" the honoured relative. Now the Rosenheimers wanted something grandly American for the new baby. Grandma wanted Dora, after her mother. But Dora didn't sound American enough. Ike suggested Della, but that didn't suit, either. Finally Yetta brought home Dorothy. It was a very stylish name, it seemed, and was finally accepted.

Little Emanuel, aged four, was told that "his nose was out of joint." He cried and felt of it. It seemed quite straight to him. It was. He was a handsome little fellow, and, when Mrs. Rosenheimer took him out with her, folks would stop and ask about him. She was glad when she could answer them in English. And as for Mannie—at four he talked as if no other country than America had ever existed.

Very gradually, Mrs. Rosenheimer grew tired of MacDougal Street. She tried to introduce this dissatisfaction into the rest of the family. Grandma was very happy here. With little shrugs and gestures she decried any further change. Weren't they all getting along finely? Wasn't Rosenheimer near his work? Weren't the children fat and healthy? What could they have better than this—two rooms, running water, gas and everything? Didn't they know

people all around them? Rosenheimer was indifferent. Some of his friends, including the Abramsons, had already moved "farther out." Still, he didn't see the use of spending so much money; they were all right where they were. Times were hard; you couldn't tell what might happen. Still, if Minnie had her heart set on it——. The children were ready for any change.

Mrs. Rosenheimer, revolving the matter endlessly in her mind, found many reasons for moving. All of her friends, it seemed, had fled from the noise and dirt of MacDougal Street. On first coming to New York she had been disappointed at not living in the Ghetto over on the East Side. Now, when she visited there, she wondered how she had ever liked it. When she moved she wanted something really fine —and where her friends were, too. She had a good many friends outside of the Ghetto now. On arriving in America she hadn't known MacDougal Street was dirty. She knew it now. And the little Italian children in the neighbourhood—oh, they were all right, of course, but—not just whom you'd want your children to play with, exactly. Why, every day Ike would come home with terrible things they had said to him. And their home, which had looked so grand, was old and ugly, too, when compared with those of other people. Of course Grandma liked it, but, after all, Grandma was old-fashioned. Mrs. Rosenheimer discovered, almost in one breath, that her mother belonged to a passing generation, and didn't keep up with the times—that she, herself, really had charge of the household.

Out in East Seventy-seventh Street there were some tenements, not at all like those of MacDougal Street nor the Ghetto, but brand-new, just the same as rich people had. Each flat had a regular kitchen with a sink and running water and a fine new gas stove. The front room had a mirror in it that belonged to the house—and—unbelievably but actually true—there was a bathroom for each family. It had a tub in it, painted white, and a washstand—both with running water—and already there was oilcloth, in blue and white, on the bathroom floor. The outer halls had gas in them that burned all night—some sort of a law. Those tenements were elegant—that was the way to live.

Rosenheimer got another raise. There was some sort of an organization of cutters, a threatened strike, and then sudden success. Mrs. Rosenheimer never understood much about it, but it meant more money. Now Rosenheimer had no legitimate reason for keeping his family in MacDougal Street.

So he and Mrs. Rosenheimer and Grandma went out to the new tenements and looked around. Mrs. Rosenheimer acted as spokesman, talking with the woman at the renting office, asking questions, pointing things out. At the end of the afternoon Rosenheimer rented one of the four-room flats in a new tenement building.

On the way home, Mrs. Rosenheimer leaned close to her husband:

"Ain't it grand, the way we are going to live now?" she asked.

"If we can pay for it."

"With you doing so well, how you talk!"

"Good enough, but money, these days—"

"Abe, do you want to do something for me?"

"Go on, something more to spend money on."

"Not a cent, Abe. Only, won't you —shave your beard? Moving to a new neighbourhood and all. Not for me, but the neighbours should see what an American father the children have got."

Rosenheimer frowned a bit uneasily. Mrs. Rosenheimer didn't refer to it again, but three days later he came home strangely thin and white-looking —his beard gone. Only a little moustache, soft and mixed with red, remained.

Before the Rosenheimers moved they sold the worst of their furniture to the very men from whom they bought it,

five years before, taking only the big bed, the table and the couch. It was Mrs. Rosenheimer who had insisted on this.

"Trash we've got, when you compare it to the way others live. We need new things in a fine new flat."

On the day they were moving, Yetta said something. The family were amazed into silence. Yetta was thirteen now, a tall girl, rather plump, with black hair and flashing eyes.

"When we move, let's get rid of some of our name," she said. "I hate it. It's awfully long—Rosenheimer. Nobody ever says it all, anyhow. Let's call ourselves Rosenheim."

"Why, why," muttered her father, finally, "how you talk! Change my name, as if I was a criminal or something?"

"Aw," Yetta pouted, she was her father's favourite and she knew it, "this family of greenhorns makes me tired. Rosenheimer—if it was longer you'd like it better. Ike Rosenheimer and Carrie Rosenheimer and Yetta Rosenheimer! It's awful. Leaving off two letters would only help a little—and that's too much for you. Since the Abramsons moved they are Abrams, and you know it. And Sam—do you know what? At school they called him MacDougal because he lived here on this street and he liked it better than Sam, so he's calling himself MacDougal Abrams now. And here, you old-timers——"

"She's right, Mamma," said Ike, "our names are awful."

Mannie didn't say anything. He sucked a great red lollypop. At six one doesn't care much about names. Nor did Carrie, who was eight.

There was a letter-box for each family in the entrance hall of the new tenement building and a space for the name of the family just above it. Maybe Rosenheimer had taken the advice of his children. Perhaps he wrote in large letters and couldn't get all of his name in the space made for it. Anyhow, Rosenheim was announced to the world as the occupant of Flat 52.

V

Flat 52 was quite as handsome as Mrs. Rosenheim had dreamed it would be. There were four rooms in it. In the parlour was the famous built-in mirror, with a ledge below it to hold ornaments. And, before long, ornaments there were, three big vases. They were got with coupons from the coffee and tea store at the corner—it was a lucky thing all the Rosenheims liked coffee. There was the couch, too, but best of all was the new table. It was brand-new—no one else had ever used it before. Mrs. Rosenheim bought it in Avenue A and was paying for it weekly out of the household allowance. It was red and shiny and round and each little Rosenheim was warned not to press sticky fingers on it, though it was always full of finger marks.

On the table was a mat of blue plush and on the plush mat was—yes—a book—"Wonders of Natural History." It had been Yetta's birthday present from her father and was quite handsome enough, coloured pictures, red binding and all, to grace even this gem of a table. There was a new rug in this room, too, though it was new only to the Rosenheims. There were roses woven right into it and Grandma thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She liked to sit and look at it as she rocked.

Yetta, Carrie and Grandma slept in the front room—just the three of them alone in the biggest room. There was a cot, covered with a Turkish spread for the girls, and Grandma slept on the couch—no sleeping on the floor any more for this family. So wonderful was the new home that there was a bedroom devoted exclusively to the rites of sleeping. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheim and Dorothy occupied it. The third room was the dining-room, where Ike and Mannie slept all alone on a cot and weren't afraid. No one slept in the kitchen or bathroom at all. In the dining-room there was a whole "set" of furniture bought from the family that

was moving out, a square table and six chairs. It was lucky Mannie and Dorothy were so little they could sit on others' laps.

The dining-room, with its fine "set," brought the habit of regular meals with it. In MacDougal Street there was a supper-time, of course, but the children weren't always there and the other meals had been rather haphazard, half of the family standing up, likely as not. Now there was a regular breakfast in the morning, everyone sitting down, and early enough for Rosenheim to get to work on time and Yetta and Ike and Carrie to get to school. Lunch was still informal, eaten standing around the kitchen. Supper was a grand meal, everyone sitting down at the same time, the table all set with a tablecloth and dishes, as if it were a party.

It was easy to settle down into the pleasant rhythm of East Seventy-seventh Street. There were big new tenements on each side of the street and before long each member of the family made lots of friends.

Rosenheim didn't have as many friends as the others. He didn't care for them. His hours were long and he was getting into the habit of working, sometimes, at night. It takes a lot of money to pay rent—six dollars every week—and buy clothes and food for a family and save a little, too. Rosenheim didn't complain unless his usual solemn face and prediction of hard times can be called complaining. It never occurred to him that he had anything to complain about. Didn't he have a fine home and a lot to eat, a home grander than he ought to spend the money for, even? When he wasn't busy, he and Abrams and a friend of theirs, sometimes a man named Moses, would play cards long hours at a time, talking in loud, seemingly angry voices and smoking long cigarettes. Or, with coat, collar and shoes off, as he always sat in the house, he would read the paper—he could read English quite easily, but he preferred Yiddish. He didn't talk much and the children were taught "not to worry Papa," when he was at home.

Grandma grew to like the new home in time, though it never seemed quite as pleasant as that in MacDougal Street. She did all of the cooking, of course, and could order the children around as much as she wanted to, though they were good children as a rule, when you let them see who was boss. She would exclaim with clasped hands over the grandeur of things and beg her God that the people from her home town might see "how we live like this." She was always busy. She never learned to speak English well, and though at sixty-two she could drive a bargain as good as ever, she didn't feel quite as comfortable in the nearby shops as she had in MacDougal Street. Gradually her daughter took over the marketing from her.

The spirit of change had reached Mrs. Rosenheim and she did what she could to grasp it. She tried again to persuade Grandma to take off her *sheidel.*

"See, Grandma, these other people. Ain't you as good as them. It ain't nothing to be ashamed of, a *sheidel,* but here in America we do what others do."

But Grandma kept her *sheidel.* She couldn't yield everything to the customs of the unbelievers. She even muttered things about "forgetting your own people."

Mrs. Rosenheim tried to acquire "elegant English." She was very proud of her children because their language was unsullied by accent. But perhaps because she never liked to read and it never occurred to her that she might study, or because her tongue had lost its flexibility, she was never able to conceal her foreignness. She was becoming a little self-satisfied, too, a bit complacent with her own ways, and this may have hindered her progress. The new language issued forth in a strange, twisted form, the "w's" and "v's" transferred, the intonations of the Yiddish always noticeable. She managed to make nearly all of the ordinary grammatical errors of the native and a

few pet ones of her own. Her sentences were full of inversions. Her voice, never very low, became louder and louder and the singing intonations more marked as she grew excited. Rosenheim spoke with an accent, too, which he always retained, but his voice was quite low and he soon overcame this strange sing-song of his native tongue. Then, too, Rosenheim never talked very much.

Mrs. Rosenheim bloomed in East Seventy-seventh Street. Her mother did the cooking and Yetta helped with the housework. Even then, with so many children in the house, there was enough to do, but she spent much time in visiting her neighbours, gossiping about her children, the prices of food, other neighbours. Although her family came first, she began to pay more attention to herself, buying clothes that were not absolutely necessary, cheap things that looked fine to her. She became ambitious, too. She found that there was another life not bounded by the tenements and that "other people," the rich part of the world, were not much different outside of their possession of money. Her humility was wearing away. "We're as good as anybody" came to her mind, and was beginning to fertilize. She didn't want to associate with anyone outside of her own group, but she liked to feel that others were not superior. The children, continuing their acquisitiveness, encouraged their mother.

Yetta had her fourteenth birthday soon after the family moved to East Seventy-seventh Street. She began to mature rather rapidly, arranging her hair in an exaggerated following of the fashion, and even purchased and wore a pair of corsets. She had a high colour and her flashing eyes made her quite atractive. Her mouth was rather wide. Yetta did not speak with a foreign accent, but her voice was a trifle hoarse and was not well modulated. She had a lot to say about nearly everything and delighted in saying it. The niceties of conversation had not been introduced into the Rosenheim family life and most of the things Yetta thought of occurred when someone else was talking. Her favourite method of attracting attention was to interrupt or talk down, in a louder voice, anyone who had the floor. Ike had this pleasant little habit, too, so between them conversation rose in roaring waves of sound.

Yetta felt that many things about her could be improved. She began to criticize things at home—her clothes; her mother's language, which was too full of errors, too singing to suit her daughter; the actions of the younger children. She never liked to read, but she "loved a good time" and was always with a group of girls and boys, laughing and talking.

Ike was much like Yetta, though a bit more serious, more inclined to argument. He could argue over anything, even at twelve. He, too, had definite notions about the upbringing of the younger children and the modernity of the household. He didn't want anyone making fun of the family he belonged to. His own name came in for his disapproval about this time.

He had a fight with a boy named Jim and Jim hit him and called him names. But the cruellest part of Jim's name-calling had been merely to repeat, over and over again, "Ikey Rosenheim, Ikey Rosenheim." For this cruelty Ike had fought Jim and had emerged not entirely victorious, bringing back a black eye and the memory of the derision in the mouth of the enemy.

"I'm going to change my name," Ike announced at supper that night. "I don't care what this family says. You make me sick, naming me Ike. You might have known. This family has terrible names. No wonder people make fun of us. After this I'm—I'm going to be—Harold."

"Oh, no, not Harold," Grandma wailed, with uplifted hands.

"No," Mrs. Rosenheim groaned, "you've got to keep the letter, the 'I.' You were named after your Papa's father."

"There's a lot of good names with 'I,'" Yetta encouraged. So, between

them, they found Irving, which seemed satisfactory to everyone. Little Irving, at school, told his teacher that Ike had been a nickname and that the family wanted him called by his own name now. Jim, not satisfied with Irving Rosenheim as a reproach, had to find something else to fight about.

Carrie and Mannie and Dorothy were still too little to bother about names. They begged for pennies for lollypops on sticks, candy apples, liquorice and other delicacies that the neighbourhood afforded, satisfied to tag after Mrs. Rosenheim as she did the marketing. They were nice children, though of course Dorothy was a little spoiled—the youngest child and always having her own way about everything.

VI

DURING the next year something came up in a business way that caused Rosenheim and Abrams to hold long consultations during many evenings. They nodded together over bits of paper on which there were many figures. Mrs. Rosenheim felt that they had "something in their heads" they weren't telling her about, but, being a dutiful wife—and knowing her husband, and how useless it would have been—she didn't press matters. A few weeks later she found out. E. G. Plotski, it seemed, had owned a small pants factory which occupied half of the third floor of an old loft building in West Seventeenth Street. This Plotski had died, suddenly, leaving no near relatives except a wife. Abrams had heard about the case. Mrs. Plotski couldn't keep up the business alone. If she couldn't "sell out," complete, she was going to give it up and sell the machinery. She had some cousins in a far-Western place called, Abrams believed, Iowa, and was desirous of living with them. If Mrs. Plotski "gave up the business" there was a tremendous loss, it seemed to Abrams and Rosenheim—for Plotski already had operators, customers, "good will." And, with their knowledge of the pants business . . .

It seemed, indeed, a visitation, as if a whole pants business had descended to them as a direct reward for their long and faithful work. But Mrs. Plotski had friends, not just in a position to buy the business, it seemed, but quite capable of giving advice about selling it. And herein lay the need of much nodding and figuring. Finally it was settled. Abrams and Rosenheim went to their several banks—it's never safe to put all of your savings in one bank, even if it does look like a fine big one—drew out their savings accounts, for of course they had no checking accounts, and, after the usual legalities had been concluded, were the joint partners of The Acme Pants Company, Men's and Boys' Pants.

After they had signed their names, Marcus L. Abrams and Abraham G. Rosenheim, Rosenheim allowed his stern face to relax into a rather sad smile.

"Good, eh, Marcus? Here, I'm only 'over' seven years and I'm partner in a business already. Of course, we can expect hard times, but, a business ain't anything to be ashamed of."

The family saw Rosenheim's new signature and liked it. Irving wrote it above the letter-box. The G stood for nothing in particular, but Rosenheim had no middle name and of course he ought to have one. It was indeed American. The neighbourhood did not notice, it was used to changes.

Abrams and Rosenheim worked all day and most of the night. They "went over the books" with great deliberation. They looked into every minute detail of the business, and wrote numerous letters by hand on the old Acme Pants Company letterheads that they found in Plotski's desk. When this paper was used up they ordered more, retaining the cut of the building at the top but substituting their names for the name of the deceased former owner.

They were very happy over their new business, though you would never have known it by their actions. They always wore long faces.

The factory did well. People liked ready-made pants, it seemed. The two men hurried around seeking new trade, satisfied with as small a profit as possible. They bought job lots of woollens from the factories and did numberless other things to reduce expenses. Rosenheim cut the pants and Abrams was not too proud to do his share of the menial labour. Before another year had passed the whole of the third floor loft belonged to the Acme Pants Company.

Mrs. Rosenheim was proud of her husband. It was mighty fine, these days, to speak of "my husband's factory" to those women whose more unfortunate spouses were forced to exist on mere wages handed them by their overlords. But even this, in time, stopped satisfying. What good does it do for your husband to own a factory if you still live in a tenement in East Seventy-seventh Street? Mrs. Rosenheim knew that her husband was working hard and was nearly always worried over money matters, bills to meet, wages to be paid. But, as long as he actually was a manufacturer, an owner of a business, a payer of wages, it was unbelievable that they should live in a tenement. Weren't they as good as anybody? Several months ago the Abrams had moved. Of course, with only two boys the expenses were less, but what of that? And the Moskowskis—now the Mosses—had moved, too. The Rosenheims had been in the tenement three years and now the neighbourhood was filling up with terrible people, straight from the Ghetto—or the old country—and bringing foreign habits with them. It was no place to bring up growing American children.

It was Yetta who precipitated the moving. Although he petted and humoured Dorothy, it was his oldest child who was Rosenheim's favourite. Now Yetta tried all of her most endearing tricks.

"Papa," she said, "I'm sixteen. I ought to get out of this neighbourhood. Ask Mamma. I'm almost a young lady. I want good things—a fine man like you with a factory shouldn't keep his children in the tenements. All of my crowd are gone. I miss them something awful. You don't want me to go with the—the 'greenhorns' who are moving in around here, do you?"

Similar arguments managed to convince Rosenheim. Anyhow, one night he nodded solemnly and consented to move.

"You women will ruin me yet, with all your spending," he said, but Yetta, tall though she was, jumped on his lap and kissed his thin cheek.

"None of that," he said, in assumed brusqueness, as he pushed her away. "You make a fool of your old Papa, eh? Well, go along and get your fine flat."

Mrs. Rosenheim and Yetta, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Graham, a recent and becoming transformation of their old friends, the Grabinskis, went apartment hunting. They decided on the Bronx, new and good enough for a manufacturer's family. They had friends there and there were lots of stores. It was a nice neighbourhood, Yetta thought, with lots of young people who wore good clothes. She could have a fine time.

No longer were the Rosenheims satisfied with the first apartment shown them. Yetta and her mother had grown critical. Yetta's ambitions had limitations, of course. She didn't aspire to an elevator apartment or anything like that—but she didn't want a tenement. She wanted a big living-room, for she was approaching the beau age and already was going to the theatre with MacDougal Adams and Milton Cohn. They visited dozens of apartments, examining the kitchens and the halls, exclaiming over the plumbing. Grandma wanted a big kitchen and she ought to have it, as long as she did most of the cooking. And they had been crowded for years—Yetta didn't want anyone sleeping in the front room, nor even in the dining-room. Young girls do get such notions! Mrs. Rosenheim wanted grand decorations in the lower hall.

After much step-climbing they found their apartment. It was on the fourth floor, rear, of a walk-up apartment, but the rent was forty dollars a month and they dared not pay more. Rosenheim looked dour when the news was broken to him, but, with sad headshaking and remarks about business being bad, he said they might take it.

The entrance hall of the apartment-house was of marble. The letter-boxes were of brass and shining. The stairs leading to the apartment were carpeted. The apartment itself had seven rooms. A few years before the Rosenheims wouldn't have believed an apartment could be so large. Now they all accepted it rather indifferently. Wasn't Rosenheim a factory owner? Didn't some of their friends live just as grandly? The woodwork was shining oak. The floors glittered blondly. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheim had a bedroom all alone, Grandma shared a tiny cubicle with Dorothy. Yetta and Carrie had their room and there was a room for the boys. All of the rooms had new beds of white enamelled iron, fantastically twisted and with big brass knobs.

The Rosenheims got rid of most of their old things at a sale before they left East Seventy-seventh Street. Then Mrs. Rosenheim and Yetta bought things suitable for the grandeur of their new home at an instalment house in Sixth Avenue. There was a three-piece parlour set stained to a red imitation of mahogany. The round table had come with them, as had the vases. The dining-room boasted a new "set," a round table that pulled apart and had four extra leaves and sat on a huge pedestal, and eight chairs—two with arms, making one for each of them. There were brand-new rugs, one for each room, most of them in patterns of birds and beasts and flowers in bright colourings, though the front room displayed a gay and exciting "Oriental pattern."

One of the startling changes of the new régime was the name above the letter-box. A simple and chaste A. G. Rosen was announced in Irving's most careful writing. Rosenheim explained that, at the factory, everyone called him Rosen for short and it might make it confusing to keep the old name. The family hailed Rosen joyfully. Surely they were real Americans, now.

VII

THEY were settled only a few months when Yetta begged for and got—a piano. Shiningly red, it matched the rest of the living-room furniture. It was an upright, of course, and Yetta draped a pale silk scarf embroidered in gold threads, over it, with a vase at either end to hold it in place. Soon she and Carrie were taking lessons from a Mme. Roset of the neighbourhood, making half-hours horrible with scales and five-finger exercises.

There were now other forms of art in the household, too. For his birthday the children gave their father enlargements of the photographs of him and their mother. These were "hand-made crayons" in grey, with touches of colour on lips and cheeks and framed in wide carved oak, trimmed with gold. These were placed side by side above the piano, which stood slightly diagonally in one corner.

The children were growing up. Yetta felt herself quite a young lady and didn't go to school. There was no use going any more—she wasn't going to be a teacher, was she? She had a lovely handwriting, with fine loops at the ends of the "y's" and "g's." It seemed a shame to spend her days in school when there were so many things to do outside. No one tried to persuade her to keep on going. Her father was slightly of the opinion that too much learning wasn't good for a girl anyhow. Men didn't like "smart" girls and Yetta was growing up. If she had wanted to go to school he might have consented, but she didn't. She preferred putting on her best clothes, her hat an exaggerated copy of something she had seen in Broadway and had made after her description at a neighbourhood shop, a cheap fur

around her neck, and high-heeled shoes. Thus attired, she went walking.

In the mornings she had to help a little with the bed-making, dusting and ironing. But in the afternoons she was free. She'd meet some of "the girls" or "the boys" and drank soda, laughing and giggling over things. She used the latest slang and talked rather loudly. At night there were dances or the crowd would go, in pairs or groups, to the theatre, sitting in the gallery, usually, and laughing heartily over the jokes. They were fondest of vaudeville. Yetta was awfully happy when she had enough spending money and a new dress—a bit more exaggerated in style than any of her friends. She couldn't imagine anything finer than the new neighbourhood and the new apartment.

Grandma was just a trifle bewildered in the Bronx. She didn't seem to fit in. The children, growing up, were developing unexpected opinions of their own that didn't agree with her ideas. They called her old-fashioned and giggled at her advice. There was plenty to do and Grandma liked housework. But sixty-five isn't young and Grandma had worked hard in her day. Four flights of stairs aren't easy, either, so Grandma didn't go out often. Occasionally, she walked around the neighbourhood, not knowing just what to do. Mrs. Rosen did all her own marketing or telephoned for things—there was a telephone in the new apartment. There were a few old friends to go to see, foreign-born women, like herself, and with these she would talk in comfortable Yiddish. But each one lived several blocks away. You didn't talk to strangers in this neighbourhood, it seemed, and you could go for weeks and not see anyone you knew. A funny place, America.

Still, there were pleasant things for Grandma—good food and the fun of preparing it, a comfortable home. Mrs. Rosen didn't like to work as well as she used to, so finally she hired a woman who came in, one day a week, to do the washing in the morning and the scrubbing of kitchen and bath in the afternoon. Grandma was quite excited over this innovation. For the first time in her life she could fold her gnarled old hands and watch someone do the work for her.

"They should hear about this back home," she would say. "Abe with a factory and us with seven rooms and a washwoman and all. We've got it lucky, ain't it, Minnie?"

Mrs. Rosen, though annoyed at her mother's simplicity, agreed. Already Mrs. Rosen was planning bigger things. It didn't seem at all impossible to her that some day they might even have a regular servant girl.

Mrs. Rosen was well satisfied, generally. Ocasionally she, too, regretted some of the pleasant things that Seventy-seventh Street had meant to her. She had liked the friendly chatter of the neighbourhood. Here in the Bronx you had to be "dressed" all the time. In Seventy-seventh Street you could go out in the morning in your house-dress, with a basket, and spend a pleasant hour or so bargaining with the shop-keepers and talking with friends, always meeting little groups you knew. On the steps, in the evening, you could call back and forth. Money was good; she was glad they had it. A servant girl would be fine; it was a lot of work for her and Grandma, cleaning up after five children. But this neighbourhood was stylish enough. You knew some of your neighbours here, even if they weren't so friendly. Maybe, after you got better acquainted . . .

It was nice, having a lot of rooms and new clothes and all that. Mrs. Rosen met new acquaintances and liked them. She played cards in the afternoons now and a few months later joined a euchre club which met every Tuesday afternoon at the homes of its members in turn. There were "refreshments" after the game, cold meat and potato salad, usually, and the prizes were hand-painted china and "honiton lace" centrepieces. Mrs. Rosen won quite an assortment as the months passed.

Irving was getting to be a big boy. He looked a little like his father, thin, a trifle sallow, with a slightly aquilined nose—but much handsomer, his mother thought. His eyes were not strong and quite early he had to wear glasses. He adopted nose-glasses and before he quite got used to them he had formed the habit of tilting his head up, to keep them from falling off. He had rather a sharp chin and wore his black hair straight back and sleek.

When the family moved to the Bronx he was fourteen, had on his first pair of long trousers, and was in the first year of the high school. He was quick in his studies and would argue with his teachers about anything under discussion. He still liked long dissertations at home and had about decided to be a lawyer. In the years that followed he read quite a little, not so much for the love of reading—he had little of that—but from a desire "to keep up with things," so he could discuss and dissect and argue. He liked the theatre as he grew older, but preferred serious dramas.

Carrie was quieter than either Yetta or Irving, but she observed a great deal. She liked to spend money, begging it from her parents. "We're rich, why can't I have more things?" she would say, buying unnecessarily expensive ribbons and purses. She liked to correct the family, too, and, when her mother grew vocal and her voice took on the sing-song of her native tongue, Carrie would say, "Don't talk so loud, Mother. We aren't deaf, you know," or "This is America. We try to speak English here." Mrs. Rosen would check herself rather shamefacedly, instead of "calling the child down," as she felt she should have done. Carrie liked expensive clothes and she liked putting them on and taking long walks with just one girl friend, talking quietly. She thought Yetta's crowd awfully loud. Mannie and Dorothy were good-looking little children, still coaxers of pennies and both quite spoiled.

The Acme Pants Company grew, but in spite of its growth none of the family dared suggest any extravagant changes. Rosen spoke too much about hard times for that. And he did worry, too, for with the enlarging of the business came the borrowing of money and notes to meet. He worked at night for weeks at a time and grew thinner. Outside of his usual solemnity he never complained. He enjoyed the business as much for its own sake as for the things he was able to give his family. It was far more interesting and absorbing to him than they were. Even at home his mind was filled with business detail and in the midst of a meal or a friendly discussion his eyes would grow vacant, he would fumble for a pencil and write something down on an envelope. Spare evenings, he played cards with Abrams or Moss or Hammer or fell asleep over his newspaper—an English one nearly always now. He still took off his coat in the house and sometimes his collar and tie. It was Carrie who said to him, "Papa, why do you start undressing as soon as you get home?" He always kept on his shoes and sometimes his collar and tie after that.

He never took much part in the family life. Irving bored him. He was not interested in "women's doings," and could ignore whole evenings of conversation about people and clothes. His business was the one thing he cared to talk about—his family knew nothing about business. What was there left? None of them knew or cared anything about world affairs. It isn't likely Rosen would have been interested if they had. So, unconsciously, he drew apart more and more. He paid bills, with a little grumbling. He handed out money when necessary. He greeted all luxuries with something about "hard times." He acepted all innovations with apparent disregard. He was never cross or disagreeable. Everyone was a little quieter when he was at home. Otherwise it was as if he were not there at all.

VIII

A YEAR later, when she was eighteen, Yetta became, suddenly, Yvette. The crowd she was going with thought Yetta an awful name, old-fashioned and foreign. And certainly there was nothing foreign about her. She had seen Yvette in a book—and, with the right initial and all—Yvette Rosen sounded fine. After that she frowned at anyone, even old Grandma, if the old name crept in.

The family became more extravagant as the days passed, though not extraordinarily so. But why not? Even Rosen had to admit, grudgingly, that the factory was growing. Little things—Mrs. Rosen had a fine black silk dress, with revers of green satin, lace covered. She bought Grandma a black silk, too, for days when company came in. And Yvette—how that girl did wear out clothes, to parties nearly every night! And Irving wanted "his own money" and was put on an allowance, though he always begged his mother for more before the month was half over. Books cost a lot, it seemed, and you can't be a tightwad with a bunch of fellows. And Carrie had a notion that the family was very rich—when she got new things she wanted the best. Even Mannie and Dorothy needed new things frequently.

In 1906 Irving was graduated, at 18, from the high school. It was a big event for the family. All of them, even Grandma, who didn't go out much, attended the graduation exercises. At the hall they chatted about how fine and smart Irving was until Carrie, who could be very petulant at fifteen, "shushed" them all into silence.

On the way home Mrs. Rosen couldn't help calling her husband's attention to his family—weren't they something to be proud of? To think that only a few years before . . .

It was Irving who first spoke dissatisfaction with the Bronx apartment. Irving was to enter Columbia University in the fall and he wanted to be a little nearer his school.

"You don't know how it is," he said, one night at dinner. "Everyone laughs at the Bronx. I went to a vaudeville show with Yvette last week, though Heaven knows why she goes to it, and at a mention of the Bronx everyone laughed. It isn't only that. Here we are in a walk-up apartment, when we could have something better. I'm starting—to—to make friends. I've got to make a place for myself. I'm eighteen. When we were younger it didn't make much difference, now we ought to get out of here."

Carrie agreed with him.

"It certainly is terrible here," she said. "I don't like this high school, either. I want to go to a private school. There are several good ones in Harlem and a real fine one on Riverside Drive that I've heard about. Irving is right. You'd think we were poor, the way we live here—no servants or anything. When I meet new girls I'm ashamed to bring them home. Ada is going to private school and Beatrice has moved to Long Island. I don't know anyone around here—but trash and poor people."

Even Mannie, at thirteen, was tired of the Bronx, and Dorothy, at nine, was ready for any change.

The Bronx suited Yvette. She had her crowd here. Still, there was something in what the others were saying. Harlem sounded more stylish certainly. She had friends there, too, and could get acquainted easily enough.

Mrs. Rosen didn't know. She felt, with Yvette, that things were very nice as they were. The old friendliness of East Seventy-seventh Street would never come back, and she, too, had acquaintances in Harlem. It would cost more to live—but didn't they have the money? There could be a servant and new furniture—the children had been hard on the things that had been so shining four years ago. After all, they were rich people, and the children had to have advantages.

Gradually Rosen, grumblingly, was won over. Couldn't he see how terrible it was—all their money, and still

living in the Bronx? How could people know he was a success? Their apartment was old-fashioned—that funny tub and only one bathroom for the whole family. And Grandma ought to have a room for herself—with five children there ought to be a servant girl—what was the use of having money if you couldn't get things with it?

Again there was a series of house-huntings. This time Irving accompanied his mother and Yvette. Irving was very critical. Things others pronounced "grand" he didn't like at all. At eighteen he considered himself quite a man. As a coming lawyer he felt that his surroundings should reflect his own glory. What did his folks know about things? Didn't he go to homes they never entered, the Wisels' and the Durham-Levis'? Irving wanted a home with style to it. He hadn't definite ideas about decoration, but it must look fine and big as you came in. He thought they ought to inquire a little about the neighbours—find out if they were just the sort one would want to live near. Their present neighbours certainly were awful.

The new apartment was in West 116th Street. The building was large and red, with white stone ornaments. The lower halls were grandly ornamental and a great velvet curtain hung toward the rear. There was an elevator, rather uncertain, with iron grille work in front. That would make it nice for Grandma—she could get out more. The living room had a gas grate and the woodwork was stylishly mission finished.

Followed the usual buying orgy, and this, too, Irving consented to attend. The piano came with them, but there was a new parlour set, great heavy pieces of mission, square and dark, with leather cushions. A huge mission davenport was the piece de resistance. The dining room had a brand new "set"—there might be company to dinner—a big table, twelve chairs and a sideboard with a mirrored back. In the bedrooms there were great brass beds, the posts three inches across and large mahogany dressers with "swell fronts," curved generously outward.

In the living room, too, there were fine rugs, "real Orientals" this time, about six small ones, oases of red and blue on the light inlaid floor. The family admired the lighting fixtures—a cluster of fourteen lights in the living room, to which they added a fancy lamp with a shade composed of bits of coloured glass in a floral pattern: in the dining room a great dome of multi-coloured glass which hung directly over the table.

Then Mrs. Rosen hired their first maid, though the family referred to her as "the girl." Her name was Marie and she didn't have a very easy life of it. At first Mrs. Rosen and Grandma helped her, but Mrs. Rosen disliked housework increasingly and she didn't want Grandma to work if she didn't. Grandma had always done all the cooking, but as "the girl" learned to prepare the dishes liked by the Rosen family she gradually took over the cooking, too. Then, when "the girl" complained about working too hard a woman was hired for two days each week to do the washing and the heavy cleaning.

Grandma wasn't quite as content as she had been, most likely because she wasn't so busy. Grandma couldn't read English at all and Yiddish very little, even if the children would have allowed a Yiddish paper in the house, now, which is doubtful. Grandma had never had the reading habit, nor, for that matter, any habits of leisure. She had thought that life meant service and now there was nothing to do. It was harder for her to go out because she walked very slowly. There were fewer places to go, fewer friends, fewer Yiddish shops. People would stare, embarrassingly, at Grandma's *sheidel* and Grandma hadn't learned to speak English very well. Mrs. Rosen spoke with an accent, but that was different: people could hardly understand Grandma.

There was always a lot of company in the house and Grandma liked young people, but there was so little to say to

them. Unless she knew them awfully well they couldn't understand her, or Yvette or Irving would frown at her attempts at conversation. Everyone smiled at Grandma and shook hands, but that was all—it was more comfortable to stay in her room, usually. There seemed to be fewer old people than there had been. Fewer seemed to live in Harlem, anyhow. In MacDougal Street and even in East 77th Street and the Bronx, Grandma had met old ladies, occasionally, people from her own village, and had had long talks with them, interrupted with nods and shakes of the head and tongue cluckings. Here it was different. She loved her family, of course, but she didn't seem to fit in. Darning stockings wasn't enough. Of course, Grandma was glad the family was doing so nicely—a fine big apartment with an elevator and a servant girl—and she had two new bonnets and her old one not nearly worn out yet—where did she go to wear it?—and her own room and everything she wanted. And Irving bringing her home candy she liked and Yvette singing for her—Grandma knew she ought to be awfully happy. Yet there seemed to be something—missing—

Mrs. Rosen grew to like the new apartment, though at first it had overawed her a little. But before long she belonged to two card clubs—she had known members of both of them when she lived in the Bronx. She even tried to persuade Rosen to learn euchre or bridge so they could join a club that played in the evening. But Rosen didn't like "ladies' games."

There were some things about the new neighbourhood Mrs. Rosen didn't like at all. The neighbours seemed so cold and distant. As if she wanted to know them! Wasn't her husband the owner of a factory—with more money than any of them, more than likely? Yet they minced by her, as if they thought so much of themselves. Well, she could put on airs, too!

That winter Mrs. Rosen went to a beauty parlour for the first time. The women of her set were going, it seemed. It made your hair thicker to have it shampooed and waved, especially when it was starting to get grey. Though it did hurt a little, she grew used to manicures, too, after a while. Mrs. Rosen even considered dieting. But after a few atempts she gave it up. Just the things she shouldn't eat were the ones she liked best. After all, she was forty-four, though she knew no one would ever guess it, and if at that age you are a little plump, who is there to say anything against it? She bought a fur coat that winter, seal, of course, and a hat to match, with a curved feather. Now, let one of her neighbours say something! She knew she looked mighty fine—as good as anyone in her crowd. Why shouldn't she? Wasn't her husband a well-known manufacturer?

Rosen wasn't quite as busy as he had been, though the Acme Pants Company was getting along splendidly. But with things in good condition there was time to spare. He could have spent more time with his family had he cared to, but it seemed tiresome when he did. Irving annoyed him more than ever with his debates and arguments. In the evening he fell asleep over his paper—he didn't care for other literature except an occasional trade magazine. He still played cards with a few old friends he had made when he first came to America, and who, like himself, had prospered. He kept his coat on in the evenings now or wore the smoking jacket Carrie had given him. What if their friends came in—he had to look nice for their sakes, didn't he? There was a little room, off the living room, which the family spoke of as "Papa's den." There was a couch here, brought over from the Bronx, and a desk. Under pretence of being busy, Rosen would read in there, until he fell asleep.

IX

THE next year there was a great change in the Acme Pants Company. An opportunity came almost over night and he and Abrams, after long discus-

sions—at the factory this time—joined the Rex Pants Company, McKensey and Hamberg, partners, and the four formed the Rex Suit Company, Gentlemen's Ready-Tailored Suits. Ready-tailored suits, it seemed, were more in demand every day. The four had capital enough to swing something good and to introduce a new name. Until then, most ready-made suits were mere trade goods. But a few firms had learned the value of a trade name and advertising, and Rosen and Abrams agreed with McKensey and Hamberg that there was room for one more and great possibilities in the idea. They rented an immense loft building and were soon making and selling a line of ready-made suits under the name of the King Brand. They hired an advertising man, giving him an absurdly high salary, an office of his own, with a stenographer and all of that, and agreed to pay exorbitant rates to magazines just for the privilege of a half or a quarter of a page of blank space on which to advertise their wares. A few months later, tall, exquisite young men, in graceful poses, accompanied by impossibly thin young women or sporty dogs, looked at you from the magazines under such captivating captions as "King's Suits for the Kings of America" or "Every Inch a King in a King Brand Suit."

Rosen was interested again. Here, expenses were mounting, though profits might mount, too. Now he could figure again, and plan and talk things over with Abrams. Abrams, however, was Abrams no longer. He was Adams now. He had signed himself Adams when the new firm was organized. Even Rosen's name had changed—he dropped one more letter. The indefinite Abraham G. had been altered and he blossomed forth as Abraham Lincoln Rose, to the delight of his children.

Irving was going to Columbia. He had joined a debating club, and even his mother had to admit that, at this time, he was pretty much of a bore. He even called his father "Governor" on occasions and twirled a cane on holidays. He was "getting in with fine people" and dined at the homes of new friends, bringing back stories of families who didn't interrupt when you were talking and who had servants who knew how to serve meals. He felt he was going to be quite important and he wanted his family to live up to him.

Carrie was going to a private school—the only kind of school suitable for rich girls. It was in Riverside Drive, and she met some mighty fine girls there. Like Irving, she brought home stories showing the heights of other and the degradation of her own family.

"—We are such rich people and still we never have anything."

Carrie objected to her name, too, it seemed. "Carrie" was such a cheap name. Nobody would know you were rich with a name like that. She was going to be Carolyn after this. Carolyn Rose was a pretty name, wasn't it?

Carolyn loved to spend money. She had decided that the family was really wealthy, that it was all bluff about hard times and saving. She wanted a gold mesh bag and got it before Yvette even knew there were gold bags in the world. Carolyn had a fur coat as expensive as her mother's, but with a smarter, more girlish cut. She disregarded the stupid idea, made up by someone who didn't have the money, probably, that diamonds were for older people, and persuaded her parents to give her a big diamond ring, set in platinum, for her seventeenth birthday.

Yvette's clothes were always a bit loud, too extreme, even cheap looking. Although she paid big prices for them they were still tawdry. Carolyn's tastes were not quiet, but she managed to look "expensive." Her hair was black and sleek and she knew she had "style." She liked collars a bit higher than anyone else wore, when they were high, a bit lower, when low collars came in. She was no slavish follower of fashion, like Yvette. She added a bit of "elegance" to whatever fashion had dared ask for. She liked smooth broadcloth suits, much tailored, for day wear, and elaborate, chiffon evening frocks. She

talked with an "accent," but not the kind her mother had. She said "cahnt" when she could remember it, and thought that one ought to have "tone." She had languid airs.

Mannie was growing into a nice child. He was quiet and he started to read when he was just a little fellow. Now you could find him, any time, curled up with a book he'd brought home from school. He didn't care much for out-of-door games. He was the first of the family to have literary leanings, though Dorothy read, too, when she couldn't find anything that pleased her better.

Dorothy was petted and spoiled by the whole family. She got things even before she could think to ask for them. Because there was never anything for her to be cross about the family said she "had a wonderful disposition," though she had a pouting mouth and did not smile very much.

Dorothy was "a little beauty." Although the family kept always with their own race and declared, on all possible occasions, their great pride in it and their aversion to associating with those of other faiths, the thing that delighted them most about Dorothy was, for some unexplainable reason, that everyone said "she looked like a Gentile." Mrs. Rose would repeat to her friends that people had said, "you'd never guess it—just like a Gentile that child looks." Her friends agreed and there was nothing in their minds but cordial congratulation over the fact. Dorothy had lighter hair than the others and grey eyes. She was a slender little thing, quiet, determined, impatient.

"We ought to have an automobile," she said, one day. That was in 1909, before cars had become as much of a necessity as they are now, and Dorothy was only twelve. Two weeks later, after many hugs, her father bought a car, a red one that would hold any five of them. Irving soon learned to drive it and later Carolyn and Dorothy learned, too. Grandma could never be persuaded to enter the car—it didn't look safe to her. Mrs. Rose rode, but it was always sitting stiffly erect with unrelaxed muscles. Rose asked Irving to drive him places, occasionally, when he was in a hurry. He never liked the automobile except as a convenience.

That year Grandma died. She was sick only a few days and didn't complain even then. The doctor came and fussed over her, and finally a nurse came, but Grandma persuaded her daughter to send the nurse away. Grandma seemed quite content to die, and though the family was fond of her, her going did not cause any undue emotion. Mrs. Rose wept loudly at the funeral and Rose looked unusually solemn in the weeks that followed. He had been very fond of Grandma and had appreciated the little things she always loved doing for him. But, after all, as Mrs. Rose would say to her husband, "it ain't as if she was a baby at 72. It ain't as though Mamma ain't had everything money could buy, these last years. A grand life she's had, nothing to do and her own room and all. Many times she spoke of it. It's good we was able to give it to her. She was a good woman, but now she's gone and I can say I ain't got nothing to reproach myself for."

X

In 1910, when Yvette was twenty-four, she became engaged to marry MacDougal Adams. Already MacDougal was sales manager for the Rex Suit Company, and he was doing finely. He had grown into a handsome fellow who would be quite fat, one day, if he didn't diet carefully. He was crisply black-haired, ruddy-faced. He made friends easily and was jovial most of the time. He had no subtleties, but Yvette was not the one to notice. She considered him very modern and liked the way he "caught on to things." Her friends—and the announcement Yvette mailed to the newspapers—spoke of the affair as "a childhood romance," as indeed it was. It pleased the Roses and the Adams, too. They gave a reception at a hall on 125th Street to celebrate the

occasion, each of the family inviting their especial friends, with Dorothy and little Helen Nacker to pass flowers to the guests. There was a band behind artificial palms, and waiters in white aprons passed refreshments. Yvette wore a dress of pink and Carrie wore yellow. Carolyn didn't think the party fine enough, and Mannie and Dorothy didn't like it much, either. The rest of the family thought it a successful affair.

Mrs. Rose, Yvette and Carolyn spent the following weeks shopping. Yvette had to have a complete trousseau, starting with table linens and ending with silk stockings. Three months later Yvette and MacDougal were married at the Waldorf, with Carolyn and Maurice Adams as attendants. Only the most intimate friends were invited to the elaborate banquet which followed, though later there was an "informal reception" with much wine. MacDougal had just bought an automobile—black, though Yvette would have preferred a gayer colour—and, after a short Atlantic City honeymoon, the young couple took a new and elaborate apartment in Central Park West and settled down, with two maids, to domesticity.

"Ain't it grand, Papa?" Mrs. Rose had said to her husband after their first call on the young couple. And even Rose had to agree that even Yvette was getting all that could be expected.

Carolyn was "the young lady of the family," now. She was not as easily satisfied as Yvette had been. She called Yvette's crowd "loudly vulgar," though she was a trifle loud, herself, at times. She raised eyebrows and drew away when fate included her in her sister's parties. She was glad when her sister married—now she could entertain her loud friends in her own home. Maybe Yvette would even tone down a little; she laughed too loud and had terrible taste in clothes. Her mother talked loudly, too, except when she tried very hard to remember—and it was terrible the way she shrieked and singsonged when she grew excited—but, at least you could remonstrate with her.

The Harlem apartment didn't suit Carolyn at all. Here she was, out of school, nearly twenty—and living in—Harlem. She had gone to a series of morning lectures at one of the hotels and one of the lectures had been on furniture—it seemed all of the things in the Harlem apartment were entirely wrong. Carolyn knew this was true, too. Hadn't she been to other homes, where people knew things? They were rich and had—one maid—and she didn't know how to wait on the table—and the family treated her as if she were one of them. And Irving talked back to his father, rather impudently, even when company was there, and the car was a sight—she was ashamed to use it. The least they could have was a new car and a chauffeur.

Irving agreed with all of Carolyn's criticisms, excepting those which concerned himself. He was twenty-three, why shouldn't he have things nicer? Dorothy, going on fourteen, also found the Harlem home distasteful.

"A terrible neighbourhood," said Dorothy, who became Dorothea, that year. "It's too far from school and we do need a new car. I'm ashamed to tell anyone where I live. I want a big room and my own bath, so I can ask girls to stay all night, if I want to."

Rose sighed, said the family would break him and times were hard. Mrs. Rose sighed, too. Still, Harlem wasn't such a friendly neighbourhood—the other couldn't be worse. And with only one girl there was too much for her to do. If they had a man to drive the car and a cook, maybe—

Carolyn went house-hunting alone. She said she'd take the others with her "when she found something." Two weeks later she took her mother and Dorothea to see the new apartment. It was a foregone conclusion with Carolyn that they would take it—just the formality of mailing the lease for her father's signature.

The apartment was on Riverside Drive, in a huge building of cream-coloured brick. At the door was a negro uniformed in dark green, and

another similarly clad attended the mirrored elevator. The halls had Oriental rugs and were lit and draped with an expensiveness that suited even Carolyn. Of course it was pretty far out on the Drive—but it looked rich—and living on the Drive was rather grand at that. Mrs. Rose was speechless at first, but later the apartment seemed quite satisfying. She liked the ornateness, the grandeur—it was even finer than Yvette's, than any of her friends. Why shouldn't it be, with Abe a partner in a big factory and all—?

The woodwork of the apartment was white enamel. There were little panels in the living room, waiting to be papered, and the dining room had a white enamelled plate rail. The lighting fixtures were of the new "inverted" style, on heavy brass chains ending with carved brass holders of white frosted globes. There were French doors of mahogany leading into the living room and dining room, a huge butler's pantry with numerous shelves, a kitchen with a big hooded range and immense white sink, large bedrooms, four baths.

"If—if your Papa will pay for it," Mrs. Rose admitted weakly.

"Oh, he'll pay," said Carolyn, "why shouldn't he—a rich man like him?"

When the men of the family came to see the apartment Irving pronounced it "immense." Mr. Rose looked at the apartment, saw the library that he could have for his own, the big bedroom and bath—and gave in with unexpectedly little persuasion. After all—his friends were living well—why shouldn't he? He was making money—the family might as well spend it. Didn't the way you live show how well you were doing? Not that he was making so much, of course, but, with Yvette married—if Carolyn wanted the apartment—

Mannie and Dorothea were rather indifferent. Still, Mannie was in prep. school and cared most about books—even writing a poem occasionally. He was eighteen. At fourteen, Dorothea didn't care about details as long as they were moving. Her new room was nice and big. Still, they ought to have a new car—Dorothea was quite pouty over the old one.

Carolyn took charge of the furnishings of the new apartment. Mrs. Rose, with uplifted hands, declared her ignorance of periods "and such nonsense," but begged her daughter not to spend too much money, "You know your Papa. There's a limit even with him."

Irving gave a long-winded dissertation about what to get and told about a fine apartment he had visited, rather down on the Drive—two girls he knew, their father was a criminal lawyer. Carolyn didn't listen very closely. She knew what she wanted.

Accompanied by her most intimate friend, Eloise Morton, daughter of S. G. Morton, the box people (both of Eloise's parents had been born in America), Carolyn visited a number of shops. She called the big stores where Yvette traded "middle class," but she was afraid of the decorating shops and called the things in the windows "junk."

"You might like that old stuff," she said to Eloise, "but I can't see anything to it. Old chairs, stiff and funny—a hundred dollars apiece and then a fake, probably. A whole room full of that doesn't look like anything. I like things that show their full value, that you can tell cost a lot of money."

Eloise agreed that her friend had the right idea.

Carolyn didn't allow any mere furniture clerk to suggest or dictate to her. Hadn't she seen a lot of fine homes? Didn't she go to every new show in town and look especially at the stage settings? Hadn't she heard a furniture lecture? Who could advise her?

She didn't want her mother with her, she'd "simply spoil things if she started to talk." Carolyn and Eloise, alone, could give an impression of taste, elegance and riches.

Carolyn decided on Adam furniture for the living room. If the ghosts of the brothers Adam groaned a bit Carolyn was too busy to hear. She liked "sets" for living rooms—didn't every-

one have them?—so she chose a great davenport of mahogany with cane sides and back, motifs slightly after some of the Adam designs scattered over the woodwork. The upholstery was rose velour. There were two huge chairs of similar design, one a rocking chair. Other chairs were of cane and mahogany, one a Venetian, one a fireside. There was a great oblong table, too, that Carolyn knew showed good judgment, for it was of "dull antique mahogany." It, too, bore motifs of the house of Adam. There was a floor lamp with a rose shade and two table lamps to match and several pieces of "stylish" painted furniture, factory made. Carolyn looked with scorn on the little rugs that had seemed so fine a few years ago. She chose now an immense Oriental in rose and tan for the living room and a Chinese rug in dark blue to combine with the intricately carved Queen Anne furniture of the dining room.

There were elaborately patterned filet lace curtains throughout the house. Before this Mrs. Rose had always hemmed and hung the curtains. Now Carolyn gave the orders for them. The overdrapes and portieres were of rose velour, heavily lined, and, above the windows were elaborate valances, edged with fringe and wide gold braid. There were blue velour curtains in the dining room.

In the bed rooms Carolyn's imagination had full play. Her parents' room was in mahogany with twin poster beds. Her own room was in ivory, cane inset. Dorothea's was white enamelled, painted with blue scenes.

For the walls of the living room, between the panelling, Carolyn chose a scenic paper in grey. On this were to be hung elaborate oil paintings in scalloped gold frames: "A Scene at Twilight," "The Fisherman's Return." In the dining room the paper was in a tapestry effect, red and blue fruit and flowers.

The family moved into the new apartment in October, 1911. The moving was simple for the old furniture was to be sold and professional movers attended to the packing of ornaments and dishes.

Mrs. Rose and Irving were impressed with the effects wrought by Carolyn's taste and her father's money, but it did not take the family long to settle down to the pleasures of life that Riverside Drive opened to them.

XI

MOVING to the Drive, the Roses made the final change to their name. Mannie, usually quiet, was the one to propose it.

"Rose is so—so peculiar," said Mannie. "Anyone could tell it had been something else, Rosen or worse. I'm eighteen and go to college this fall. I'm not going to have a name so—so ordinary. Let's change it to Ross. That's not distinctive, but it isn't queer or foreign. I'm changing my first name just a little too. I've never been called Emanuel, anyhow. Mannie isn't a name at all. I'm going to register at college as Manning Ross."

There was no letter-box to announce the change, but the elevator man knew that the new occupants of Apartment 31—he wrote the names down with a blurring stub of a pencil to be sure to remember them—were Mr. and Mrs. A. Lincoln Ross, two young Misses Ross and two young men, Irving and Manning.

The family had liked Rose—but there might be something in what Manning had said. But no more changes! Mr. Ross put his foot down this time. He was meeting important men in business, Gentiles, and he didn't want any more monkey-business about names. Ross was all right and Ross it would have to stay. And it did.

Mrs. Ross took great delight in getting her new servants. It made her feel superior and important, driving up to an employment agent and interviewing prospective retainers. She took Carolyn along for advice and counsel—Carolyn went out a lot and knew about such things.

Carolyn would have liked a retinue, but Ross rebelled—expenses were awful and each servant was another mouth to feed. The old "girl" had got married so they finally chose a cook who was not above helping with other things, a waitress who would combine housework with waiting, and a chauffeur. Besides, the washerwoman would still come in for two days each week.

Soon after the family was settled Mr. Ross bought a big limousine, American made, but one that Carolyn thought looked really expensive. The chauffeur was in uniform, of course. He happened to be a young Irish boy and it seemed to Carolyn, sometimes, that he smiled a bit sarcastically and annoyingly as he held the door open for them, especially after her mother had spoken with an accent or her old sing-song.

Mr. Ross didn't object to the new luxuries. It was much more comfortable driving to the office in the limousine than waiting for Irving or one of the girls to take him or depending on less comfortable modes of transportation. He had more room to himself, too. He liked the way the new cook prepared things—he was getting indigestion and had to be careful about what he ate—though he still remembered with real emotion the pot roasts and fish and stuffed goose that Grandma had delighted to prepare. These new dishes—salads and things like that—everything served separately—you could get used to it—it didn't make much difference—here he was, used to a maid in cap and apron, waiting on table—and Minnie used to it, too, excepting when she forgot and talked to her or reached across the table for things. Still, Minnie meant well, a good woman, rather fat these last years, but a good woman who loved her family—none of this new foolishness some women had, he'd noticed—

Mr. Ross didn't pay much attention to women. He never had. He saw what fine girls his daughters were, that was about all. He couldn't have recognized half a dozen of their best friends, whom he saw constantly at his home, if he had passed them on the street.

His business—that was something. Still, even that didn't keep him busy, the way it used to. This new arrangement, the offices and the factory separated—of course it was for the best. He could always go over to the factory when he wanted to, though there wasn't much need—machinery he didn't understand, everything in such order—with a head for every little department, not to mention the big ones. And, with four partners you couldn't say things as if it were your own business. Mr. Ross was fifty-three, but it hadn't been an easy fifty-three years and things had gone along rather rapidly for a while. Not that he was an old man—far from it. Still, things that had passed seemed pleasanter than they had seemed in the passing—and things to come lacked lustre.

This wasn't age—certainly not—he felt as well as he had twenty years ago, practically. Give him some real work to do, you'd find out. But there was so little to do, now. You'd go down to the office about ten and dictate a few letters and potter around with things. You'd examine "swatches" and find that an expert had already given them a chemical analysis. You'd go to luncheon and be careful about what you ate. After luncheon, a little sleepily, you'd dictate more letters, if there were any more, and see a few men on business, young upstarts, most likely, or Gentiles who wanted something for nothing—or consult with your partners. Then, you'd drive home after a while and read the paper or listen to Carolyn play on the new player piano, or talk with Dorothea, though there wasn't much to talk about. Dinner then, and a game with Adams, though he had rheumatism these last years and wasn't the man he had been. Or Moss would drive over. There was a club, even, if you cared to go to it—a lot of strange men who didn't care anything about you—a club—at least they were of your own race—Dorothea was always asking questions about why the family didn't

mix with other people—such notions a child gets—

The Rex Suit Company was still progressing. The great factories were outside New York, but the business offices occupied a whole floor of an office building, each partner with his own mahogany furnished office, with its row of bells and its private stenographers. There was an expert to decide each thing. MacDougal was in the sales department and Maurice, the younger Adams boy, was advertising manager—a big advertising agent had charge of all of the advertising, of course. And what advertising the firm did, too! Double pages in the popular weeklies at thousands of dollars a page. Everyone was familiar with the "Kingly Men." Girls cut them out and mounted them for their rooms. "America's Kings in King's Suits" had been familiar enough to get applause at a musical comedy when it was used to introduce two juveniles. "Every Inch a King for the Kings of Creation" and other well-known slogans ran in letters four feet high above the artist's conception of the "Kingly Man" on the billboards.

Each year there was an ornate catalogue of the styles, "for the Prep. Youth," "for the College man," "for the Younger Set," "for the Older Fellow." Hundreds of merchants all over the country displayed King Brand signs and carried King Brand suits. The Rex Company had invented half sizes, adjustable models and the giving with each suit of an extra bit of the goods and two extra buttons for mending. There wasn't much you could plan about for the Rex Company. Likely as not, someone else would have thought of it first, anyway.

Mr. Ross was accustomed to meeting men, now. He liked to meet them, in business. He would listen, weigh what they said, learn from them. He never talked much. He always retained his look of severity. He was known as "a crackerjack of a business man," "a man you couldn't put anything over on," but the other partners were good business men, too. There was nothing for Mr. Ross to work for.

Outside of business he had little. His family still seemed apart, yet he would have done anything to have saved them trouble or pain. He liked Yvette because she was frank and lively, but, these last years he liked Dorothea, too, though there was nothing against Carolyn, a fine girl, if she did like to spend money. Minnie was all right—the boys would be, too, when they got a little older and settled down.

Mr. Ross didn't mind listening to the mechanical piano or the Victrola at home, but he did not care for other kinds of music. Concerts made him miserable and fidgety. He saw nothing in them and after several for charity and one visit to the opera he refused to partake of music outside of the home. He had never learned to like reading. He was still content with the daily papers and glanced, occasionally, at a weekly devoted to current events. He knew nothing about art and said so. He didn't want to be bothered with "such notions." Drama of all kinds bored him and even musical comedies entertained him only for a little while. Usually he got to thinking of business in the midst of things and lost all consciousness of what was going on.

Mr. Ross had no social ambitions, so, with no business worries and no outside interests, his days began to drag unpleasantly. He thought often of other days, of "the other side"; when he had been planning to come to America—he was glad that was over, of MacDougal Street, the hard work he had done there, the long hours, the overtime, the little economies so both ends would meet, then the newer tenement, with things a little easier, the beginnings of the factory—those had been real days, staying awake planning to meet bills, figuring to the dollar how to get enough money to pay the "help" and have enough left for living expenses, then Harlem and now Riverside. It was good to have planned and worked. Still, now he was used to his comforts.

He liked space and quiet and the car—but, with nothing to do—

Mrs. Ross had long since relaxed her anxiety over her husband. He had never talked business and he seemed just like always, willing to listen to her stories of how she had spent the day. Mrs. Ross was quite content with the Drive. The aloofness of the neighbours, that had been disagreeable to her in Harlem, became one of her own characteristics now. She became more and more aware of her own importance. She had disliked the way "outsiders" and Gentiles had treated her, years before. Now, her last vestige of humbleness gone, she felt herself more than "as good as anyone." Wasn't she Mrs. A. Lincoln Ross, wife of Ross of the Rex Suit Company, a real figure in New York? Didn't she get her picture in the paper when she gave money to charity? Didn't people treat her with respect as soon as they found out who she was? She was frankly fat, but she didn't mind. She had expensive dressmakers and tailors and she thought the results of her toilet satisfactory. After all, she was nearly fifty.

Her voice had toned down, during the years, as had Yvette's. When talking with those she considered important, she even tried to put an elegant swing into her sentences. Usually, though, her voice was accented, ordinary, uninteresting. She still made errors and sometimes quite a lot of sing-song crept in.

In the morning Mrs. Ross attended to her household affairs, giving directions to the servants, ordering her own provisions over the telephone, even planning meals. She looked into the ice-box to see what provisions remained, rubbed fingers across furniture for dust, examined linens. She was a good housekeeper. In the afternoon, with Yvette, whom she found most congenial, or an acquaintance, she went for a drive or shopped. She dropped most of her old friends who had not progressed and she had no sentimental regrets concerning them. A few earlier friends she kept up with, asking them for luncheon or for a drive, with a hint of patronage. Through her daughters she met other women of her own age and circumstances. To these she tried to be pleasant, using her best language and manners. She had no intimacies with these women.

During the second year of the family's residence on the Drive, Mrs. Ross was asked to belong to several committees of important charitable organizations. She joined these gladly and gave generous sums. She liked the society of her own race. She did not feel at home with "outsiders" nor know what to say to them—she felt that they were constantly criticizing her. She had decided social ambitions, however, and wanted Mr. Ross to join a well-known club composed of members of his people. She was proud to know women who, a few years ago, or even now, were she less wealthy, would have ignored her. To the arts she was as indifferent as her husband.

XII

Irving was a lawyer now. He had a nice office in one of the newer buildings devoted to professional men, but not much practice. His father found it just as convenient to give him some of the smaller business of the firm as to increase his allowance. When anything important came up Mr. Ross agreed with his partners that it was best to let a better-established lawyer handle the case.

Irving—who became Irwin about this time—could have joined a large firm as a junior member, but he preferred independence. He didn't like to work hard or long and he had heard of the tasks performed by the younger members of big firms. He liked to waste time, browsing around bookstores, walking through the lobbies of hotels, calling on friends. He had a large acquaintance with women and had as many dinner invitations as he could accept. Wasn't he a great catch, a young lawyer with a rich father? And good company.

At twenty-five, Irwin still loved an argument. Although never a great reader, he liked to pose as one, quoting well-known authorities, reading and talking about authors unknown to his hearers. His hair was always immaculately sleeked, though it had just a perceptible wave. He had his favourite manicurist at one of the larger hotels. He smoked an expensive brand of cigarette, carrying them in an elaborate silver and gold case and fitting each one carefully into an extremely long amber cigarette holder before smoking it. He used affected gestures, pounding on a table to emphasize a point he was making. He still wore nose-glasses, now large lensed and tortoiseshell rimmed, and, from habit, he held his head too high.

Irwin was proud of his acquaintance with half a dozen actresses of minor importance. These he took to teas, dinners and suppers, talking later as if the engagements had had special significance. He was careful about his acquaintance with other women, choosing those that were, to him, of social importance. He had the same distrust his parents had for those outside of his own race. He never attended services at a synagogue, but to him religion and race were intermingled and he did not attempt to differentiate between them. Since boyhood he had suffered from prejudice far more than his sisters. He was proud to associate with "outsiders," liked to think he looked and spoke and acted like one of them. But he would never have married a Gentile.

Carolyn was now the liveliest member of the Riverside Drive household. She didn't think much of race and creed. She envied other women in some things, but she thought herself all that was desirable and attractive. She liked best the people of her own race, but she preferred them with American or English accents, appearance and accomplishments. She liked to associate only with people of great wealth. Always gowned a bit ahead of the fashion, perfectly groomed, silky, smooth, crisp, she went to the theatre, evenings and matinées, to luncheons and to parties, giggling and laughing, quite moderately, of course, and had a gay time. She loved musical comedy and after-theatre suppers. She didn't care for the opera, but even the most serious drama could give her something to giggle about afterwards. Her hair and eyes were dark with something of the Orient about them, but her skin was fairer and clearer than her mother's or Yvette's, her round little nose was always white with powder and her eyebrows narrow and smooth, her lips and cheeks pinkly attractive.

You could see Carolyn almost any fair afternoon on the Avenue with Eloise or Helen or Mary Louise, stopping in at one little shop for a bit of lingerie, at another for flowers. They spent money with no thought of its value. Most of them could not remember poverty. Those who could found spending the best method of forgetting. Occasionally they met several of "the boys" for tea. When they didn't they bought tea for themselves at Maillards, usually, or the Plaza. There was always a car waiting and they wore low pumps or slippers and the thinnest of stockings even when the snow was on the ground.

Carolyn "went with" Jack Morton, Eloise's brother. She had met Eloise at the Riverside Drive school. Jack was at Harvard, then, but he was graduated a year later and was "catching on" nicely in his father's box factory. The Mortons thought the Rosses a step below them socially, for the Mortons were a little farther removed from "the old country." Outside of that, they liked Carolyn. So no one was surprised, when, in 1914, when Carolyn was twenty-three, she announced her engagement to Jack. The Rosses thought Carolyn had "done well," as indeed she had, for Jack Morton was a likable fellow, full of practical jokes and fond of poker playing, but on the whole quite a desirable husband.

Ross gave his daughter a diamond lavalliere for an engagement present, and as Carolyn picked it out herself it

was quite glittering. He promised her the furniture for her new apartment as a wedding present. The Mortons gave Carolyn a small car, green, with cushions to match, which she pronounced "a young wonder." They had an engagement "at home" and were married a few months later at one of the newer hotels. Carolyn hoped that it was quite evident to the friends of both families that they were both very wealthy.

The young couple took a three weeks' trip to Florida—Jack couldn't stay away from the business longer than that. Then they went to the Astor, but Carolyn wanted to entertain her friends and a hotel does keep you cooped up so. She and Jack finally decided on a small apartment in a high-priced new building in Park Avenue. They had only one maid to start with for they both preferred eating at restaurants. With the little car you could eat at a different place and go to a show or some place every night.

Without Carolyn the Riverside Drive apartment seemed quiet. Manning went to Harvard for a year, dissatisfied with the unexclusiveness of Columbia.

Dorothea liked school, too, and was now taking a few harmless courses, which gave her something to do, though they didn't satisfy her. Nothing quite pleased Dorothea. She hadn't been satisfied with Carolyn's school—girls of only one creed went there, so narrow. Dorothea said that school was a joke. She had chosen a more expensive school, patronized by daughters of rich men generally. Her new study courses were at Columbia and with private teachers. Mr. Ross didn't like them.

"It isn't as if she had to be a teacher," he said. "A girl can have too much book-learning."

But Dorothea went. She had always been different. Her clothes, for one thing. Couldn't she have had anything she wanted? Look at Carolyn—always dressed like a picture—the family had to admit it, themselves. Even Yvette, though she liked bright colours, was a good dresser. It wasn't as if Dorothea was economical. She spent as much as Carolyn did. Carolyn wore things that "looked expensive," rich broadcloth, elaborate furs—Dorothea preferred rough tweeds. She paid extraordinary sums for little suits that Mrs. Ross thought looked as if she'd got them for twenty dollars in Third Avenue. They were of mixed weaves, in grey or tan, and she wore big tailored collars over her coats, not mannish looking or freakish, just plain. She paid fifty dollars for her little round velour hats. She wore heavy gloves, and shoes, even when she went out with Carolyn, sleek in white gloves, patent leather pumps and furs. Dorothea paid huge prices for plain little evening frocks whch she bought at exclusive little places. Even then she was not satisfied.

Dorothea wore a perpetual little pout—something had always just gone wrong. She spent her time wondering what to do, dipping in "courses" on a variety of subjects, at settlement work, "going with people she didn't have to associate with," her mother thought. Clad in a trim-fitting habit she rode whole mornings in Central Park. She exhibited funny little Belgian Griffins at shows. She went to benefits and tournaments. Yet she was always a trifle "put out," a bit bored. Things weren't ever good enough, or quite what she had expected.

For her twentieth birthday Dorothea asked for and received a new car, a good-looking foreign-made roadster. About time the family had more than one car! She didn't want a chauffeur. Hadn't she been driving as long as she could remember, learning on the old red one? She liked driving the car best of all.

The family, the family's friends, what anyone said or did—all displeased Dorothea. She made sport of Irwin's pet affectations to his face, to her mother's horror. She called Yvette's things "impossible" and made fun of Carolyn's diamonds. She treated her mother as a person of no consequence, never

asking her opinion about things. Although she had nothing in common with her father, she made a great fuss over him and he grew to like her better than any other member of his family. She took him out in her car, though he didn't quite enjoy the rides, expecting to be tipped over at every corner. Carolyn drove perfectly, with the recklessness of a racer.

Dorothea went with "outsiders." She seemed as much at home with members of other races as with her own. She'd bring in unexpected guests, making the family feel ill at ease. While guests were there she'd bring up bits of family history the rest were trying their hardest to keep out of sight.

"Dad," she'd say, "here's someone wants to meet you. He's heard a lot about you. . . . Can you believe that less than twenty-five years ago Dad came to America with no money at all?" then, with a little gesture and a smile, "and now look at him." She'd throw an arm around her father, who, ill at ease, would greet the stranger.

If Mr. Ross had been unsuccessful, he would have looked like any of a thousand of his race whom you can see leaving the shops any evening at the closing hour. But his wealth haloed him. It was impossible to separate him from his money. Thin, stoop-shouldered, solemn, quiet and accented of speech, he stood for success. To Dorothea her father was immensely important. She was the first who had ever made much of him. It embarrassed him—he was a simple old fellow in many ways—but he liked it.

Mrs. Ross thought Dorothea didn't appreciate her.

"It's always her Dad, her Dad," she'd say, "never a word about how I worked when she was small or all I do for her—just Dad this, Dad that—and Irwin don't like—that you're always bringing up old times, about Papa being a cutter. The other night when that fine Miss Tannenheim was here, you said it, when you was talking to that big blond fellow you brought in. . . ."

"You're a dear, Mother," Dorothea would give her mother the tiniest touch of a kiss on her broad cheek, "but Irv's a mess and he knows it. The Tannenheim person is a cheap old thing with a mean eye and she'll marry him some day, if he isn't watching."

"Dad," said Dorothea, one day. "Let's move. You can't guess how sick I am of Riverside Drive."

"What's the matter? Haven't you got things nice here?"

"Nice—on the Drive?"

"We're always moving, it seems. Only four years ago. . . ."

"I know, Dad. That's just it. A man of your position ought to have a home. Apartments are nothing. This one is simply awful. Riverside Drive is fearfully ordinary, vulgar—don't you think so? Such a cheap collection of newly-rich. Dad, you ought to have your own home in town, anyhow, and something permanent in the country."

XIII

The idea of a home appealed to Mr. Ross. He felt, now, that he had always wanted a real home. Dorothea called for him in the car and they explored the streets east of Fifth Avenue. Finally, without consulting the rest of the family, Ross bought a three-story house in East Sixty-fifth Street, just off Fifth Avenue.

"Mother will think this is terrible," Dorothea said as she kissed him, "but you and I like it, don't we? I know it cost an awful lot, Dad, but you can see it's really an investment. After it's made over a bit inside it will do for a family home for years. Imagine you—after all you've done—not having a family home!"

Ross really liked the house. It seemed almost—homelike. The rest of the family were not pleased. The married daughters—of course it was not their affair—but, they wondered if it was just the right thing. Of course, nice people lived in houses, but none of their friends. . . .

"That's why we bought it," said Dorothea.

Irwin "guessed it was all right." Manning was indifferent.

Mrs. Ross held up bejewelled hands and wailed,

"Oh, Dorothea, just as I'm beginning to get into things and can ask people here to a fine apartment on the Drive—an address I can be proud of—and here you buy an old house—I thought, a young girl like you would want things swell—here we've got servants and all—"

"Don't you worry," said Dorothea, "it will be 'swell' enough—awful word. And as for servants—"

The family moved to East Sixty-fifth Street in 1916. Dorothea didn't run around after furniture as those of her family who had chosen furniture before her had done. She turned the whole house over to Miss Lessing, in Madison Avenue. Miss Lessing's corps of exquisitely minded young men came in, looked around, made sketches, brought drapery material and wood finishes, all of which Dorothea examined critically.

"At last we'll have some place we can ask our friends," she said.

The home in East Sixty-fifth Street was rather nice. It was done in English things, mostly, painted walls and rather soft taffetas. There were some big easy chairs that could be pulled around, comfortably, in front of the fireplace. Perhaps because of its seeming simplicity and the plainness of the walls and carpets Mr. Ross liked it more than any home he had ever had. He felt it belonged to him. Mrs. Ross never liked it.

"It's too plain," she said, "nothing to it. No one would believe how much it cost you, Papa. Mrs. Sinsheimer has got an apartment on Park Avenue, just a block from Carolyn. Fourteen rooms. She had a decorator, too, but he got different things than this—gold furniture. It looks like something. We had a fine place on Riverside Drive and Dorothea drags us here, where there ain't even lights enough to see by, at night."

Still, Mrs. Ross found out, from what people said, that there must be something desirable about the new home. She even acquired a bit of the patter Dorothea used, pointing, with something like pride, to "a real Chippendale escritoire, one of the nicest examples in America," and "some Wedgwood placques, three, from an original set of four, you know," and "of course, we are getting old and it's nice we can have a home where we can gather the sort of things we like, as a background."

Irwin "didn't think much of the place, myself," but it was a good idea, the old folks having a home . . he was glad he didn't have to be ashamed of it, though, for his part . . . now, that country place Dorothea was talking about. . . .

Yes, Dorothea had been talking about a country place. After they were settled in the new home, she continued to talk. They had five servants now—they wouldn't even need two sets—Dad could see now it took that many to run any kind of a house—and they could just shut up the town house in Spring and open it in Fall. All the family could be there, too, Yvette and the new baby, and Carolyn and their husbands . . . "a real family together. Dad, a permanent family like ours ought to have a decent country place."

The country place was on Long Island, finally. Dorothea picked it out and put the decorations in the hands of the same firm of decorators, who did rather startling things with coloured wicker, chintz and tiled floors.

It was near a famous country club, and Dorothea knew, as did the rest of them, that none of the men of her family could ever be admitted. It didn't seem fair to her, of course, and yet . . . Dad was a great one—there oughtn't to be any place Dad couldn't get into. But dad didn't care. Though, from things he said, Dorothea knew he had felt things . . . expected them. He hadn't even hoped this much of life.

Irwin didn't like being left out of things . . . and yet, Dorothea, looking at Irwin, hearing him argue in his rather nasal tone, gesturing with his long amber cigarette holder, couldn't blame members of the club, exactly. . . It wasn't because of Irwin's race . . maybe the members, themselves, weren't so wonderful . . . and yet there were her two brothers-in-law, one rather fat, both slow minded, card-playing, a bit loud and blatant, always bringing money into the conversation . . . Yvette, loud, laughing, so heavy, mentally, Carolyn, with her cheap talk of money and spending . . . her mother . . . it wasn't fair to criticize her, her mother'd had a hard time of it when she was young, and yet . . .

Dorothea knew that, somehow, the man she liked didn't belong to her race. Hamilton Fournier, now . . . of course, if she'd marry him, there'd be an awful talk, lots of crying and going on about religion . . . that sort of thing. She could hear her mother . . . she remembered when Freda Moss married—"He'll throw it up to you." Yet, if you are proud of your race . . . doesn't that . . . can you have a thing "thrown up to you" that you are proud of? It was a big problem, too big for Dorothea. She felt that she'd always had everything she wanted . . . she could keep on having . . .

The family settled down comfortably in the new home, Manning with them. He was going to school in town, now.

Mrs. Ross was getting to like the new home better . . . it wasn't Riverside, of course, but people didn't look down on her here. She was even getting in with Mrs. Rosenblatt—now that she lived near her. That crowd—she didn't have their education, but what of it, she was richer than most of them. Who were they, to be so exclusive? Maybe, by next year, if she donated to their Orphans' Nursery Fund.

Mr. Ross's indigestion seemed a little worse. The doctor came to see him several times each week and he had to be more careful with his diet. There seemed to be less to do at the office. He could retire, of course, but that would take away the only interesting thing he had—the few hours at the office. He even tried outdoor exercise, but after one attempt, he gave up golf as impossible. He gave to organized charities rather liberally and was even appointed on a committee which he attended—he knew it was his money they wanted. He would sit, as he had always sat in the evening, falling asleep over his paper, or bundled up beyond the necessity of the weather, he would climb into the car and spend a few hours with an old friend, or someone would come to see him, playing cards, as always. But a few of the old friends had died, another had moved away . . . there had never been many of them. He was just an old man, and lonesome, with nothing interesting to do or think about. . . .

XIV

MANNING stopped school the year after the family moved into their new home. He had had a year at Harvard and a year or so at art school. Now, nearly twenty-two, he felt that he was a sculptor. His father was disappointed—Manning had started out a nice boy—it did seem that one of the boys. . . .

But Manning shrugged sensitive shoulders at anything as crude as the clothing business, even wholesale. His soul was not in such things. And Mr. Ross had to admit that the position of model was about the only one in the establishment that Manning could have filled. Manning went in, rather heavily, for the arts that the rest of the family had neglected. Of course Dorothea read, but Manning thought she skimmed too lightly over real literature. And Irwin—an impossible, material fellow.

Manning wore his hair a trifle long. He talked knowingly of Byzantine enamels and the School of Troyes. He knew Della Robbia and the Della-Cruscans. There was nothing he didn't

know about French ivories. He knew how champlevé enamelling differed from other methods . . . there were few mysteries for Manning. His personal contributions to Wanty consisted of fantastic heads, influenced slightly by the French of the Fourteenth Century, in bas-relief—very flat relief, of course.

Manning's friends felt they formed a real part of New York's "serious Bohemia." They ate in "unexploited" Greenwich Village restaurants, never complaining about the poorly cooked food, sitting for hours at the bare, painted tables, talking eagerly in the dim candle or lamp light. They expressed disgust when "uptowners" discovered their retreats and sometimes moved elsewhere. You could find them every Saturday and Sunday night in parties of from four to ten, at the Brevoort, sometimes with pretty girls who didn't listen to what they were saying, sometimes with homely little "artistic" ones, hung with soiled embroidered smocks, who listened too eagerly, talking of life and art, revolution and undiscovered genius.

There was no question that Manning's father should continue his allowance—there is no money in sincere art these days. Manning knew that even his father must recognize that. Manning spent his summer with the family on Long Island—it was hot in town. But, when one's family is of the bourgeoisie, it does draw one's energy so. In the autumn Manning decided he must have a real studio, some place he could work in and expand, going to "the town house" for week-ends. Having one's family uptown was quite all right, of course—but you couldn't expect an artist to live with them.

Mr. Ross agreed to the studio. He was getting accustomed to Dorothea's friends, unbelievers though they were. He found he could not accept the artistic friends that Manning thought so delightful.

Manning found his studio, finally. The rent was terrific, of course, but the building had been re-built at great expense and was absolutely desirable in location, construction, everything. He furnished it himself in Italian and Spanish renaissance reproduction things. Rather nice! When it was finished—though they probably couldn't "get it," he'd let the family see it.

One Sunday, after a family reunion dinner, Manning announced that his studio was done. If the family liked they might all run down that way—a sort of informal reception . . . of course, they probably couldn't understand it all. . . .

It was in the Village, of course. Did they think the Village was slumming? Uptown people did. But that's where you'd find real thought, people who accomplished things. . . .

"Why, my new studio has real atmosphere"—Manning ran his fingers through his hair as he spoke. "It's in a wonderful old building, magnificent lines and the architect left them all—it's just the inside he's remodelled. I've the third floor front, two magnificent rooms, a huge fireplace, some 'lovely Italian things . . . and the view from the window is so quaint and artistic . . . of course you may not understand it . . . this family . . . it's just a block from Washington Square."

"Why, that's where . . ." began Mrs. Ross.

Irwin silenced her.

"Don't begin old times, Mamma. Most of us haven't as long memories as you," he said.

"Come on, now that we're all here, let's go down," Manning went on, "I want you to see something really artistic. A friend of mine, Du Broil—I think you've met him—did me a stunning name plate in copper, just my name, Manning Cuyler Ross. I'm so glad I took Cuyler for a middle name last year. And there is just the single word, 'masks.' I thought it was—rather good. And I've a stunning bit of tapestry on the south wall. Come on—you've got your cars here, we'd better get started—"

It was a pleasant drive. The three

cars drew up, almost at once, in front of Manning's studio, as he, in the first car, pointed it out to them.

They made quite a party as they turned out in front of the building—a prosperous American family—Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Ross, well-dressed, commanding, in their fifties, which isn't old, these days; MacDougal Adams, plump, pompous; Yvette Ross Adams, in handsome furs and silks; Jack Morton, sleek, black-haired; his always exquisitely gowned wife, Carolyn Ross Morton; Irwin Ross, in a well-fitting cutaway, eyebrows raised inquiringly, chatting alertly; Dorothea Ross, attractive and girlish in rough tan homespun, and Manning Cuyler Ross, their host, pleasantly artistic.

"Here's the place," said Manning. "No elevator, real Bohemia, three flights up, uncarpeted stairs. Come on, Mother."

Mrs. Ross was strangely pale, and on the faces of Yvette and Irwin there were curious shadows. The rest, save for Mr. Ross, were too young to remember. As for him he broke, for the first time in years, into a broad smile. Manning went rattling on.

"This," he proclaimed, "is the way to live! None of your middle-class fripperies. Plain living, high thinking—this is the life!"

They came to the studio at last, and all stood about in silence while Manning explained its charms—the clear light, the plain old woodwork, the lovely view of the square, the remote, old-world atmosphere. In the midst of his oratory Mr. Ross sidled up to Mamma Ross and reached stealthily for her hand.

"Do you remember, Minnie," he whispered, "this room—this old place—those old days—"

"Hush," said Mamma Ross, "the children will hear you."

APOLOGY

By Muna Lee

I SAID, I will sing no more,
For they who should hear are dumb,
And though I sang like the reckless birds,
No answer would come.

And the leaves made song to my touch,
And the rain made song to my sight,
And the cloud and the wind made song in my heart
Ceaselessly, night after night.

I struggled to hold to my word,
I cried to my will to stand strong,
I vowed I would keep to silence for ever
—And that vow was a song!

A LOVE affair is a comedy in which the woman is the author and the man is the comedian.

AT LAST THE HOUR

By Carl Glick

TO-DAY I shall see her again after five years . . . five years of waiting and war.

Her note is here, telling me to come. I have seen François, the waiter. Our table is reserved as usual. We will have a quiet dinner together. Everything will be as in the old days.

I shall wear my uniform. Proudly will I pin my Cross of War upon my breast. I shall say nothing about my wound chevron. Surely she will notice it.

I wonder what will be her first words to me.

Will she greet me silently . . . saying nothing in words . . . but her looks speaking the thoughts of her soul? Silently then I shall take her in my arms.

Or will she greet me with applause, and throw the flag of our country about my shoulders, and call me her hero?

But this I know, her first words will express all the dreams and hopes of five years of waiting.

* * * * *

At last came the hour.

"Hello, Billy!" she said. "When do we dine?"

EVIDENCE

By June Gibson

THE slim, green-eyed, pale-haired woman attracted me.

I turned to the woman at my side.

"Is she a lady?" I asked.

"I don't know," said my companion. "Wait until the men arrive."

IT is very dangerous to love a woman one knows thoroughly. Fortunately, it is also impossible.

A WOMAN'S first word is always "never." Her last is always "always."

THE MIRACLE

By Richardson Wright

AT first Petrov thought cruelty would do it, and for moments his mind thronged with terrible and confused images. He heard scorching sarcasm spill from his lips. Deliciously he watched her writhe beneath his scorn. He even saw her face grow livid as her hair tumbled down and matted over her eyes whilst he cuffed her. If only he could be cruel enough, she might cease loving him!

But what excuse could he give? How could he explain it to his business friends? They would surely find out. What a nasty scandal it would make on the Bourse! . . . No, his standing in Moscow was too high for him to venture cruelty.

Then he thought of openly deserting her. He could establish the lovely Gervaine Borel in an apartment even more luxurious than the one he was providing. He could shower her with more jewels, more furs, more motors and then, at the peak of her new réclame, be seen publicly with her.

But wouldn't that be as bad as cruelty? "Andrew Petrov, the banker, deserts his lovely wife for La Borel." How the tongues would wag! How the people would pity her disillusionment! . . . No, desertion would not work. What was done must be accomplished without involving his reputation. If he were to continue in the counsels of influential men, he must give the appearance of fidelity.

Beyond cruelty and desertion his imagination did not penetrate. Yet something must be done and done quickly. Gervaine Borel was pressing him hard and Maria seemed unaware of her. He must break the shackles of that implicit faith Maria had in him.

For two days he had not seen Gervaine. Once he telephoned, begging off on account of important business.

"That's very entertaining," she teased. "I never knew business could be so important as to keep a Russian from his beloved's side!"

The reply tormented him. She could not understand. He must fight it out himself, and in those days he remained late at his office thinking of this scheme and that whereby he could make his wife cease loving him so that he might be justified in going to La Borel.

Finally, when he had exhausted his imagination, he capitulated.

"I must talk to you," he cried over the wire. "I must! I am maddening myself with futile schemes."

"Ah, beloved, I shall help you," came her soft voice.

He telephoned his house not to expect him for dinner, and then ordered his motor.

* * * * *

Gervaine waited him in her salon. As he entered, she rose from her chair by the tea table, a vision of purple and blue chiffon loveliness, and yielded herself luxuriantly to the strength of his arms.

"Now what is it that drives you mad, beloved?" she asked, leading him to the couch beside the table.

"Everything." He sank wearily back into the cushions.

"Everything is a great deal. . . . But let me pour tea first. Or would you prefer vodka or cognac?"

"Perhaps a whisky and soda would be better," he interposed.

She searched among the karafes on the table and poured his drink. It was an accomplishment of La Borel, learned

in the school of numerous admirers, that she always had the desired thing at hand. Petrov appreciated this faculty. He took a long draught of the whisky and lighted a cigarette from the candle on the table—the only light in the room.

"Everything," he repeated, looking up at the ceiling.

"Then it must be a woman"

He nodded, and his eyes rested on her sitting behind the candle glow watching him expectantly. The soft folds of the blue and purple chiffon fell loosely from her shoulders and faded into the blurred darkness behind her. She wore her hair as he liked it—parted in the middle and combed straight down on the sides. It gave her a look of naïveté and crowned the fine modelling of her features as with a lustrous black cap. About her mouth played a subtle smile of comprehension. Her eyes sparkled, her eyes and an intricate ruby clasp that smouldered at the meeting of her dress.

"Yes, a woman," he said after a moment. "My wife, in fact. She is in love with me, Gervaine, and I don't know how to stop it."

"You mean, she is—"

"I mean she is everything a man could wish a wife to be. She is kind. She is good. She is devout. She keeps my house in perfect order. She manages my servants with a minimum of trouble. She watches over the children. She sees that I want for no comfort."

He halted and the colour paled from his high cheeks.

"What makes it worse, everyone knows she does these things and does them because she is in love with me. That's the difficulty of it. If she were cold, if she were careless, if she were indiscreet—"

"Indiscreet?" Gervaine echoed.

He stopped short.

"Indiscreet?" she said again, lingering on the syllables.

"But she isn't indiscreet! That's just the trouble."

"She can be made to be indiscreet, can't she?"

Petrov raised his head and studied the farther wall. The posture threw his head into profile—showed the heavy brow, the high cheek bones, reminiscent of Tartar blood, the full lips and the square-cut black beard affected by Russians of his class. It was a massive head and it crowned a massive body, yet one that had the reserve and polish of aristocracy. There was, in the elegant strength of his face and shoulders and hands, a force that at once compelled and caressed, that was brutally ovid and tenderly generous.

"I had thought to be cruel to her," he said.

"That's so clumsy," Gervaine replied offhandedly, her eyes fixed on his profile.

"Yes, and dangerous."

"Ineffective, I should say. Most women luxuriate in their grief—enjoy it."

"But don't they eventually become bitter?" He looked towards her.

"Not many. Most of them turn martyrs, wear their sorrow like a becoming gown."

"And being a martyr, I suppose people would pity her," he added listlessly.

Gervaine did not reply. She merely sipped her tea and waited. The silence of the room crept over her. With half closed eyes she watched the candle flame pulse, die down and pulse upward again. It was like the spirit of a woman—never entirely extinguished—now urging upward, now burning low, now flaming out gloriously, now blown this way, now that.

"So you see, there is nothing to be done," he said, rising to his feet.

"There is much to be done, beloved," she replied softly, her gaze still on the candle. Then she recovered from her reverie. "But do sit down and let me pour you a fresh drink."

He obeyed while she went briskly about her attentions.

"The trouble isn't as complicated as you think, beloved," she said, placing the glass in front of him. "Only you must observe the rules of women when

you play the game with them. It is vastly different from business."

"You see, I mustn't compromise my standing."

"I understand that. But what you must do," she leaned forward and gazed at him with narrowed eyes, "is to make her compromise herself. Make it easy for her. She is human. She is a woman."

Petrov knit his brows.

"Let her fall in love with someone else," Gervaine concluded.

"Ah, but you don't know her!" A smile passed over his face, then he sobered again. "Maria is insanely religious. She would not permit herself to be lured from the narrow path."

Gervaine laughed softly. "Still she is a woman!"

"Yes—"

"And a Russian woman."

"But that makes no difference."

"A great deal of difference, beloved. In Rome, do as the Romans. In Russia as the Russians. With a religious woman do as the religious." She waited for a moment, thinking, and then added, "Most of religion is superstition, after all, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"And in Russia more so than anywhere else?"

"I guess that's true."

"Your church believes in miracles, doesn't it?"

Petrov nodded.

"I mean modern miracles. In France all our miracles happened ages ago."

"Yes, the church teaches that," he said dryly, puzzled at the convolutions of her thought. "Maria believes miracles can happen to-day. I've often heard her say so."

"All right! Then we must perform a miracle."

Petrov smiled. There was irony in the curl of his lip.

"Don't laugh." She raised a hand. "I am quite serious. First find someone to whom she will take a fancy. Then attach him to her, bind him to her through religion—through a miracle."

Petrov rose to his feet, lighted a cigarette and began pacing up and down.

"In Russia you have wonderful materials to work a miracle with," she continued, eyeing him. "You make a mystery of religion. You hide it away behind doors and only show it under a veil. Even the faces of your ikons are shadowed with the soot from incense."

She rose abruptly and went to a cabinet on the farther side of the room. On it stood a group of *objets d'art*—Venetian glass candlesticks, an ivory or two, some bits of Japanese lacquer, several photographs in old silver frames, and, at the back, a large ikon smoked and black with age.

She lifted the ikon carefully and studied it. Inside the old gilt frame was the face of St. Anne, a quaint high-cheek, oriental face done in brown and black. The painting was on a board, but only the face could be seen because, as in most Russian ikons, the rest of the picture was covered by a crinkled gold aureole fitted to the frame.

For a moment she tugged at the back. The nails finally loosened and the painting slid out into her hand. The aureole, which was fastened to the frame, remained in place.

Petrov watched her from across the room. He saw her fumbling with the frame and moved to help her, but she waved him back. Finally she set the ikon on the cabinet and taking the candle from the tea table held it close by.

"Rather effective, eh?" she asked.

"Yes, the candlelight makes it look mysterious." He stepped closer. "It seems to be hidden behind . . . My God, what have you done!"

Where the face of St. Anne had looked out now gazed Gervaine—a shadowy portrait in which only the eyes, mouth and tip of nose were pronounced. The golden aureole framing the face made it even more elusive.

For a tense moment Petrov studied it—watched the eyes seek his from their shadowy veil, saw the lips parted and waiting, felt the delicate dilation of nostrils.

The magic of the transformation seized him. A shudder ran through his body. His head swam. He tried to steady himself, to keep his eyes on hers. Their unreality was real. The eyes moved. The lips smiled.

Suddenly the lust of ancient Tartar ancestors surged up within him.

He lurched forward and seized the ikon.

At that moment the candle went out. Unheard by him, Gervaine fled the room.

He stood atremble in the darkness, crushing the frame in his hands, cursing its resistance to his strength. Gradually it broke and trickled from his fingers to the floor.

A narrow shaft of light, that pierced the gloom where the curtains parted and let in the street glow, stretched sinisterly across the fragments—the splintered wood, the twisted aureole and the torn photograph whose eyes gazed up at him menacing and inscrutable.

II

As it progressed, Petrov was extremely satisfied with his dinner party. His selection of wines was excellent, the food without reproach, and he had managed to invite exactly the right people. But the greatest triumph of all was the presence of young Sachy. It was he who took Maria in to the table.

Sachy, a moneyed young blood of the Guards, wore the resplendent uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, and carried himself in a grand manner. From the first Maria was fascinated. Her face lighted up whenever he turned the conversation to her. She bantered back his flattery with blushing laughter.

From his end of the table Petrov watched her with the exquisite appreciation of a Turk baiting an Armenian.

"Find someone," Gervaine's counsel rang in his ears, "to whom she will take a fancy." Well, had he not found someone?

Here was a beginning at least! With Maria gradually involving herself in a fascination he would be freer to move, freer to enjoy the luxury of this, his first "affair." But not until to-night had Maria shown the slightest inclination to do likewise.

Toward midnight, while the guests were dancing, he crept off to the library. He stepped from the noisy hallway into its soft-lighted solitary peace. No one, apparently, was there. He lingered in the doorway admiring the room.

It was his pride, this library—a huge apartment done in the Tudor style with panelling and decorations imported from London. Petrov's leaning was toward the English rather than French or German as with most aristocratic Russians, and the library evidenced it, for it was the only Tudor room in Moscow. Inset bookshelves lined one side, and there was a long refectory table at each end with shaded reading lamps and deep wing chairs grouped about. The carpet was luxuriously soft; one walked on it silently, as through lush grass. There was also an open fireplace—an almost unheard-of luxury in a Russian house—but Petrov was determined to be true to period and would tolerate no such anachronism as a clumsy Russian wood stove in an elegant Tudor room. Over the mantel a Rembrandt was set into the panelling of the chimney breast. Other pictures by masters hung about.

The only Russian touch in the room was an ikon, a little picture of aged pigment and gold that Maria had acquired in a moment of religious exultation, and at great expense. She insisted it be placed there, hoping to influence her less religious husband. Petrov compromised, and it was hung in a corner of the east wall, high up, with a little blue lamp burning before it.

Other ikons were in the house, but this, which had the reputation of working miracles through three long and stormy centuries, was Maria's favourite. Before it she prayed fervidly night and morning. He never did. Somehow, since he had become wealthy, he felt less need for such things. It was all right for a woman, but—"Most of religion is superstition after all, isn't it?"

he repeated to himself as his eyes rested on the holy picture.

He turned and walked toward the fireplace. At that moment laughter came from the big couch in front of the hearth and Maria's head appeared over its high back. She sat at one end on a shoal of soft pillows, with Sachy close beside her.

"What do you think the colonel says he's going to do?" she asked, glancing up at him over her shoulder. "Make me indiscreet!"

"Not terribly indiscreet," Sachy broke in. "I've invited her to drive out with me to Sparrow Hill for tea on Wednesday."

Petrov thought he saw a glint of guilt in her eyes.

"I'd not call that an indiscretion," he said, patting Sachy's shoulder playfully, "I'd call it a privilege."

The rest of the evening everyone told Petrov they had never seen him so jolly.

The good humour stayed with him for days. Maria was quite overcome with his solicitude for her. She asked no favour that he did not grant. He encouraged her in everything she mentioned. Once or twice when she chanced to bring up Sachy's name, he enthusiastically protested that Sachy was a fine fellow. He even went so far as to tease her about the colonel, but she always protested that she wasn't a bit interested.

However, the tea at Sparrow Hill came off happily, and a luncheon at the Boar's Head a few days later. About each of these she gave minute descriptions. Then, on the following Saturday, she had tea clandestinely with Sachy at a secluded little restaurant.

On this same Saturday afternoon, as he was leaving the office, Petrov received a package he had been anxiously waiting.

Several days before he had acquired a photograph of Colonel Sachy. As he thought of it, he congratulated himself on his diplomacy. During luncheon with the colonel he mentioned casually a hypothetical friend who had recently sent him his photograph—and the next day came Sachy's picture, duly inscribed "To my dear friends, the Petrovs, from their, etc." It was sent to Petrov's office. Did Sachy think him blind?

With this in his possession it was an easy matter to measure the frame and the gold aureole of the ikon in the library and to have the photograph enlarged to the exact size of the opening in the aureole.

The arrival of the pictures strengthened his courage and gave him the bold and jovial front with which he came down to dinner.

Maria, fresh from her clandestine tea with Sachy, chattered as one possessed. He listened attentively to her.

She looked very pretty, he thought. Well, why shouldn't she? She was young—younger than him by fifteen years—and she had frocks and jewels and servants and everything to make a woman pretty that money could buy. Still, he could not help admiring her.

He slid the package across the table. "A little surprise for you."

She opened it expectantly, and when the paper revealed Sachy's portrait in a silver frame gasped with joy.

"I rather liked the chap," he said offhandedly. "I was pleased that he should care to send us his photograph. I hope you like the frame."

"Very much." Maria blushed and halted, as if deciding what next to say.

"This is really funny," she finally remarked. "The colonel told me he had sent you his picture and I've been wondering what you had done with it."

"I was having it framed."

It was a tense moment for both, but Petrov recovered himself quickly. "I thought you'd like it better that way."

"Much better. . . ."

"Can you suggest any place to put it?"

She did not answer.

"Perhaps that table in the library over toward the ikon corner," he said.

"Yes, that would be exactly the right place. The library needs some photographs of people. It's too formal."

This seemed to relieve her.

Later, when Petrov retired to the library to read and she pleaded household duties in the nursery, he heard her singing as she went up the stairs.

To Maria it seemed that circumstances were building up a new world about her, a pleasant, happy world of new sensations and novel excitements. For some time life had appeared drab to her. She went about her duties drearily. Andrew was away much more now than he had been when they were first married, and he seemed engrossed in things outside his home. Often he was curt and cold to her. At first she spent a great deal of time with the children, but gradually they palled on her. She began to find a sense of excitement and luxury in religious services. But Andrew grew even farther away. There came strange rumours about him which she would not credit. She spent more time in church. Then, of a sudden, a door opened on her life, a door that let out into a garden full of sunshine and flowers and the music of birds. She walked down the path, and at its end found Sachy! Strange that he should be there! For a moment she thought she would not go. But it made her happy to go, it seemed to fill the void in her life, to give her a new interest, a new refreshment. Even now, after only a third visit to that garden there were strange, sweet and secret whisperings in her heart, and she quieted them by remembering that two more days and she would see him in their garden again.

The evening wore on, and silence settled on the house. In the seclusion of the library Petrov waited restlessly. Towards ten o'clock he asked if she were coming downstairs again.

"In a few moments," she answered, "but you can put out the lights."

She often said that. When the lights were out she would creep down for prayers before the ikon in the library.

Strange, the religion of a woman! She can turn from her lover to her God and from her God to her lover without a qualm!

Petrov waited a moment in the doorway listening. Then he hurried across the room and mounted the table in front of the ikon. It was only a second's work to take out the painting of the saint and insert the copy of Sachy's portrait hidden in his inner pocket. It fitted the aureole exactly.

He clambered down, and at the doorway looked back. On the table stood the photograph in the silver frame. High above it, on the wall, his face in flickering shadows from the blue lamp, smiled the other picture of the dashing colonel.

The switch turned with a click and darkness fell on the room, save where the lamps burned. Petrov looked up at Sachy, and shivered.

On the stairs he met Maria coming down. She was very lovely in a diaphanous dressing gown that trailed behind her. On her head a lace cap, and below it her hair tumbling in a golden cascade over her shoulders.

"Pleasant dreams!" she said as they passed. There was a far-away tone to her voice.

"Pleasant dreams!" he replied.

III

He put his door ajar and waited.

For a time no sound came from below stairs. Then suddenly a scream and the names of saints called out in hysterical succession.

He went out to the landing. Maria was rushing up the stairs, her face white, her eyes staring.

"What's happened?"

"Oh, something awful! Something. . . ." She dashed into her room and closed the door.

He simulated great excitement as he ran downstairs. He quickly exchanged Sachy for the old saint, and slipped the photograph in his pocket and came upstairs again.

Maria was prostrate on the bed, sobbing and muttering.

"I didn't see anything the matter," he said quietly. "What happened?"

"Oh, I can never tell you."

"Was there a thief or a . . . ?

"No! No!"

"Then what was it? Are you ill? I insist on knowing."

"Please don't insist." She beat the pillow with her fists.

"But I have a right to know," he spoke curtly. "I have examined the room and nothing is wrong."

She raised up on an elbow and looked at him through her tears.

"Come! I'll go down with you." He gave her a hand. "Show me what it was."

"No, I can't tell you." She brushed the hair back from her face. "I'm afraid I was tired and saw things."

"But if you come downstairs you will reassure yourself. Come!"

He left the room and went down to the library, switching on the light. She came down step by step, clinging to the banister and crying softly. At the library door she drew back.

"Nothing has happened," he said, drawing aside the portiere.

Slowly her eyes travelled from the floor to the table and from the table to the wall.

"Oh!" She pressed her fist against her mouth.

"You see for yourself, everything is all right," he said consolingly.

She glanced again at the ikon. The old saint looked out from his shadows benignly at her.

"I don't understand," she sobbed, as she turned and went wearily up the stairs, "but I believe."

* * * * *

The following two days Maria remained in her room, refusing to see anyone. Petrov suggested a physician, but she declined his services. Late on the second day she asked for her priest. He was with her several hours. The next morning she came downstairs as though nothing had happened. Petrov watched her move about the house calmly giving orders to servants and talking to the children. She acted as if convinced of something that had bothered her. She had an unusual air of self-possession.

Sachy's picture was still on the library table, he noticed, only she had placed others beside it—a portrait of her mother and brothers, one of the children, a picture of an old school-girl friend and one of himself in a silver frame. It was patent that she did not want Sachy's picture too conspicuous.

He lingered about the house pretending to busy himself whilst she moved in and out the library quite unconcerned at his presence, although at that hour he was usually in his office. At eleven she came in, dressed for the street. She wore her new sables and a chic little toque set at an alluring angle on her head. Petrov didn't know when he had seen her so smartly dressed.

"I am going out now," she said. "Do you want me to do anything for you?"

"Nothing that I can think of," he answered.

In the hall she stopped one of the servants. "If anyone asks for me, I am lunching with Colonel Sachy and will not be home until dinner-time."

Petrov jumped as though struck. She said nothing about it to him! Now she boldly announced her infatuation to the servants! He waited until she had left and then departed quickly for La Borel.

Gervaine was in a high humour. She had not expected him, but instead of being annoyed she tolerated his presence, and while he related the details of the past few days, went about the room fluttering a little feather duster in a busy, housewifely fashion.

It was an exquisite little salon—an octagonal room with blue walls and tiny corner cupboards. There were dancing nymphs in purple and yellow on the cupboard doors. The rug was a blue Chinese with yellow flowers along the border. Blue was her colour, and Petrov had made the room as a setting for her.

"She was so hysterical, though," he concluded his dialogue.

"What woman wouldn't be!" Gervaine stopped suddenly and looked across to where he sat, head bowed, on the couch. "Any woman would be hysterical under the circumstances."

He did not reply.

"She believes! Mon Dieu! She believes in the miracle—and yet you are dissatisfied. You should be happy."

Petrov shook his head. "If that was all, I should not feel so uncertain. But she advertises the fact of her affair to the servants!"

"Yes?" Gervaine walked quickly to his side.

"She told them she was lunching out with Sachy. She's there now!"

"Then you see, I was right." Gervain shrugged ironically. "You found the person to whom she took a fancy, you bound him to her with a miracle, and now. . . ."

"And now she is making a fool of herself over him."

His state of mind was patent—he was jealous of Sachy, jealous for his wife. Gervaine studied him through narrowed eyes. For a moment she did not know what to say.

She lifted her head and looked about the room.

It was not the first salon that had been created for her, but it was the finest and the most expensive. As she surveyed it, her thoughts took in Petrov's other gifts—the luxurious boudoir, the staff of servants, the jewels, the gowns, the furs, the three motors.

Yes, inwardly at that moment, she despised him. She was bored with his clumsy dependence on her. Any other man would have had the courage of his amours, deserted his saccharine, sickeningly religious wife, snapped his fingers in the face of convention. Not Petrov!

Then discretion whispered to her. After all, was she not fortunate in having Petrov? He was extravagantly good to her. Why kill the goose that lays the golden eggs simply because it is a goose? Sympathize with him! Smooth down his ruffled feathers! If she permitted jealousy to get the better of him there was no knowing what might happen.

"Don't worry about it, beloved." She slid on to the couch beside him and forced his head down on her shoulder. "Things work their way out to their appointed destinies. We cannot leap up and snatch our pleasures at will. We must wait for them and be thankful when they come."

She stroked his cheek with her long, encarmined fingers. "You have me, and I you. And you are my beloved out of all men."

He stirred as though to release himself from her embrace, but with a touch she forced his head back against her shoulder.

"We have gone thus far," she continued softly. "And now we must go on. She has fallen in love with Sachy. The ikon proved to her that she was right. . . . To-day she sees him, openly, boldly, defiantly! To-night the ikon must show her that her public avowal of him was the right thing to do."

Neither of them spoke. Then Gervaine began: "She will be expecting another miracle. Before, it came to her as a shock. To-night, it will be a benediction."

"And after that?"

"After that, beloved, all will go easily."

She stroked his head again, slowly, softly, alluringly. The magic of her fingers smoothed out the wrinkled cares of his mind. . . . Her arms were a calm harbour for him to lie in and be safe. . . . Her words were sign posts along the difficult path of his life.

Gradually she released him and he rose to his feet.

"Well, that is settled!" he exclaimed, stretching his arms.

"And now you must have a cigarette and some whisky," she answered, casting about for her cigarette box.

He took the lighted cigarette from her lips and drank the whisky slowly and with relish.

"Now I must go," he said, putting down the glass.

As she helped him on with his coat, she whispered, "I am trusting you not to fail me, beloved."

The sense of her dependence reassured him.

"I shan't," he promised.

She watched him down the stairs and flung a kiss as he reached the bottom.

On the way home his motor was held up at a crossing to let some functionary pass. It was a daily sight of old Moscow, but Petrov was not sufficiently interested even to watch the cavalcade of outriders that preceded the big Cossack-guarded coach. Other motors crept beside his. He glanced at them distractedly past his curtained seat.

In the window of one he could see the arm of an officer, the arm and the hand resting on a sword hilt. The fingers were clasped about the white-gloved fingers of a woman.

As the cavalcade passed, this car shot ahead and Petrov's chauffeur had to jockey for position in the line. Petrov leaned forward to give him an order. At that, the limousine next to his swung in front of his. His eye caught the back window. With their heads close together were Sachy and Maria. He saw Sachy lift her hand and kiss it. Then they were lost to view.

IV

He arrived home late. Dinner had been waiting him, and Maria was at her place. He ate in silence. Oblivious to him she chatted on. No mention of her luncheon with Sachy. No mention of their ride home.

Yet anger raged at his heart, anger and chagrin and fear. The spectre of some sinister and imminent event haunted him. And under its pressure, as he looked across the table at her, there came back with annoying and rapid recollection all that Maria had meant to him: their first days together, their children, his business rise, this new house, his tsardom of the Moscow Bourse, his meeting with Gervaine Borel—No, he didn't want to think about her just then.

He went into the library and tried to read. But the memory of her followed him. Her face would flash across the pages of his book. He must rid himself of that woman!

"Maria!" he called, going to the door, "why don't you bring your sewing down here and sit in the big couch by the fire?"

"I'm very comfortable where I am," she replied.

"But you can be just as comfortable on the couch."

"No, I prefer to stay here."

He tried to forget by writing a letter. But words would not come, at least, not the sort of words he wanted. Had he written what he wished at that moment Colonel Sachy would have received a stinging rebuke and Gervain Borel the coolest congé that ever reached her fair and wicked hands. Petrov abandoned the idea of writing and went to the door again.

"Really, dear, I think it very silly of you to sit up there all by yourself," he called.

"I do not. So please don't bother me."

So she would have no more of him! God, what a nasty predicament! He didn't want Borel and he did want Maria—and now Maria refused him. What a fool he had made of himself over Borel! How easily she had influenced him!

Think of the things he had given that woman!

A cool quarter of a million roubles or more that little fancy cost him! Fool! Wastrel! Profligate! His children could use that money to better advantage.

Back and forth he paced the library, head down, hands behind him, anger, disgust and jealousy boiling up within him. Each time he reached the east wall he would gaze at the array of family photographs and tears would spring to his eyes. There were his children. There was the portrait of himself taken on their marriage day.

He looked up at the miraculous ikon of the benign old saint. Of one thing he was certain—his hands would not touch that ikon again.

With a stride he reached the fire-

place. The logs blazed up warmly. He slipped the enlarged photograph of Sachy from his pocket to the flames, watched them lick across the face, and then stirred the ashes into dust.

There! That ended that! No more evil would come of that picture. No more clandestine meetings with Sachy. No more Sachy kissing her hand. Ough! He spat disgustedly. Never again should that young ass cross his threshold and, by the saints, if he ever heard of his meeting Maria again he would challenge him! Damn the scandal! Damn reputation! Damn Gervaine! Damn everything and *everybody* who came between him and his wife!

He went to the door, determined to bring Maria down. As he parted the curtains a servant came from the other end of the hall. "A message, Barin!"

Petrov tore open the envelope noisily. A faint odour of heliotrope wafted up to his nostrils. Gervaine's scent! It sickened him. He turned back into the room.

"Beloved out of all men," he read the first words and a loathing crept over him, but his eyes sought the paper again:

Beloved out of all men:

In the innermost recesses of my heart you are dwelling to-night. You pervade my being. Your strength enters into me, and I am strong with a resolution past understanding.

To-night—and to-morrow!

To-night you will not fail me.

To-morrow I shall await your coming.

Think of me, to-night, beloved. I wear your purple and blue gown that folds me with soft loveliness. . .

Petrov looked into the fire, and then back again at the letter:

. . . that folds me with soft loveliness. I feel the strength of your arms creep through the fabric, and your warmth enkindles mine.

"'The strength of your arms,'" he repeated to himself, and breathed deeply. "'Your warmth enkindles mine.'"

Maria might soon be saying those same words to Sachy—and all thanks to his hideous ingenuity.

He crushed the paper in his fist, rose and began pacing again. When he reached the farther table he read the note again. Then he stuffed it into his pocket and lighted a cigarette.

"Maria," he called again. "I want you to come down and spend the evening with me."

"I shall not." Her words were curt and final.

"All right then."

He pulled the letter out and glanced at it.

"'I am strong with a resolution past understanding.' . . . 'Your warmth enkindles mine.' Damn it, I am strong!"

He began to feel his resolution. He smoked a second cigarette, a third. Delicately Gervaine's face crept up in their fumes. He threw a mocking glance at the ikon and turned away.

Shall anyone call Andrew Petrov a coward? Shall his wife dare to refuse him? Let her—and she shall have what she desires!

He braced his shoulders and walked resolutely.

When he came to the farther end of the room he glanced at his watch. It was well after ten. At half past ten the servants went upstairs. Before eleven Maria would come down for prayers. He pushed aside the portière and looked up through the grilling of the balustrade.

"I am putting out the lights now," he called.

No response.

He repeated his warning.

"I shall come down when I can be alone," Maria answered.

"I'll leave the room immediately," he answered.

"Then I shall come down immediately."

Immediately!

He switched off the light and darted over to the table. There wasn't a second to waste. He swung the ikon from the hook with a jerk. The wire knocked

against the little blue lamp with a resounding click—and the flame snuffed out.

"Bah!" he gasped.

Now where was the picture? He reached inside his pocket. Suddenly he remembered he had burned it. With a long reach he picked up the silver framed photograph from the table, slid it from the frame, stuffed the frame in his pocket beside the painting of the saint, and pushed the photograph into place.

This time the wire gave no trouble. He straightened the ikon.

"Now, matches!"

There were none in his pockets. He stepped down and ran his hand over the top of the table. No matches! "Matches! Matches! I must light that lamp!"

At that he heard a step on the stair. Maria was coming! He swept the table top again. Too late! He stepped briskly to the door and pushed through the portières.

Maria was on the landing. She had a candle in her hand.

"That's good," he said, trying to appear unconcerned. "You may want the candle. As I switched off the lights I noticed that the little blue lamp had gone out."

"Then I'll light it again," she said coolly as she passed. "That lamp should never be permitted to go out. It should burn perpetually."

He caught "burn perpetually" as he closed the door of his room and fell back against it, weak and shivering.

His fingers clenched desperately. The nails dug into the flesh. Oh that he could hurt himself! Oh that he could undergo some torture! Could . . .

"Andrew! Andrew!" It was Maria calling.

He opened the door and looked over the bannister.

"O my beloved, the sign has come!" she called, rushing up the stairs to him. "Come! Come quickly!"

She seized his arm and dragged him with her. At the library door she fell on her knees pulling him down.

"A miracle!" she whispered. "A miracle!"

Reverently her hand pulled aside the portière and she prostrated herself.

Petrov looked up. On the table burned her candle. It threw a bright glow over the reading lamp and photographs, the chair back, the wall, the ikon. . . . He fell back aghast.

Dimly from the golden aureole looked forth his own face!

In the darkness and confusion he had mistaken it for Sachy's photograph.

"A miracle!" he groaned, and falling forward swept Maria into his arms.

MARRIAGE, too, has its jurisprudence. The first rule is that a husband is always guilty, even after he has proved his innocence.

THE genuinely intelligent woman is poor company. A woman is never wholly charming save when she is mistaken.

MORE CANDIDATES FOR SIBERIA

By Adam Dennis

PEOPLE who are vitally interested in the American Indian, and insist on telling you of the latest discovery that it took two minutes to start a fire with sticks instead of three, as was commonly supposed.

* * * * *

Men who whistle while shaving.

* * * * *

Women who never seem to realize that when an elevator reaches the ground floor there are likely to be people in it; and who always try to break in the moment it lands, and then fall back with an astonished and aggrieved expression.

People who, the moment they enter your hotel rooms and know that it costs five cents a call, are promptly seized with an irresistible desire to telephone all their acquaintances.

* * * * *

People who, after a meal, measure out slimy drops of yellow liquid in a glass of water that has to be specially prepared, and inform you during the process of the exact cause and detailed symptoms of their ailment.

* * * * *

Women who hold an unopened letter in their hand for half an hour wondering whom it's from.

ATTAINMENT

By Marguerite Le Roy

OTHERS will praise you: I shall never praise.
Others will answer you, though I stand dumb.
While I grope heavily through alien ways
Seeking the path to you, others will come.

You have deserved so much of Life that she
Must be generous; you will never miss
The lesser joy you might have had of me.
Dear, I am happy; being sure of this!

THE TRIUMPH

By L. M. Hussey

I

STANDING before his picture, he recognized its badness with a sardonic resignation. With his fully matured sense of his own futility, he knew that it should never have been hung; only his intimacy with the chairman of the judges had given it a place in the exhibition. He regretted now his urgent insinuation, he deplored the compliancy (that must have concealed a touch of pity) of his friend. Yet he had longed a month before, with a childish and sudden desire, to see something of his in public; the impulse was now remote and incomprehensible.

With a hidden and destructive bitterness, he looked at the painting. It was a daubed ineptitude; he wondered how many had been paused a second by its maladroitness, to pass at last with a laugh. Suddenly self-conscious, he turned his head backward to see if anyone were watching him, or looking at the picture he had painted.

By the quick turn of his head he met the eyes of a woman standing a little behind him. For a moment they stared at each other in the surprise of their unexpected glances. Then the woman, blushing with an abrupt suffusion of colour, dropped her eyes to an opened catalogue she held in her hands. She turned a page quickly, examined the type with a palpably unseeing eagerness. He continued to look at her and the encounter, her blushes, her confusion, began to amuse him.

She was too unbeautiful to give grace to a blush; on her cheeks the sudden colour became a folly. Under the concealing brim of her absurd, floppy hat the outlines of her face were nearly hidden, but he had made their full acquaintance in the second prior to her confusion. He had seen, with a swift completeness, her small blue eyes, pallid as a bleached cornflower, her thin-bridged nose with a shiny high-light on the tip, her straight, pale lips in startled compression, her sharp chin somewhat like the beak of a bird. Now he looked at her hands, knobby with knuckles; her unpleasant brown suit that hung upon her curveless figure amorphously, like the drapings of an impromptu effigy. From beneath her skirt her large shoes protruded startlingly, an efflorescence of yellow leather. As his eyes appraised her fully, she even aroused him emotionally; he felt the pathos of her unloveliness.

He knew that she was pitifully disconcerted; he understood her palpitations, her conviction of an adventure, her fluttering wish to stay and look again at the man who stared at her, her conflicting urge to flee. He wondered what she would do if he spoke to her and his curiosity, swiftly increasing, led him to the experiment. He took a step toward her.

"Were you looking at this picture?" he asked. "What do you think of it?"

She raised her face, and her blushes blanched and returned in an almost rhythmic sequence. Her hands fumbled nervously with the catalogue, pulling at the corners of the pages, creasing them, fraying them. Her lips parted, and before she answered moved once or twice in an evident struggle for articulation. Then she spoke—with an excited and unexpected volubility. Her voice was surprisingly pleasant and by

the incongruity of its charm, accentuated her fundamental charmlessness, like the effect of a single flower growing in a waste.

"Yes, I was," she said. "You were, too, weren't you? I stopped because I hadn't seen anything just like it in the exhibition. You call that impressionism, I suppose. It's very interesting, I think, don't you?"

A group of observers approached, and a fellow among them with lengthy hair and an expounding manner, holding a glass to his eye, gave his views with profuseness and finality. His disciples stood close to each picture and gaped. The artist drew away from the wall, drew close to the unlovely woman, to allow their passage.

She looked steadily at his face now, waited for him to speak, seemed to watch his lips as if in the expectance of an oracular utterance. The strained eagerness of her attention tautened the skin on her face, stretched the little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, accentuated the abrupt promontory of her chin, the thin line of her nose glistened with the lights of the room like the edge of a mirror. Her breath came and went with a spasmodic irregularity, but swiftly. He looked into her face, into the diluent blue of her eyes, and smiled; he was amused, he was entertained.

"Yes, I think you're right," he said. "This picture is unquestionably interesting—the interest of something very bad. Therefore, it may have merit of a sort—you see? Extremes are always notable, I think, extreme goodness, or extreme badness."

"Oh, do you think that?" she exclaimed. "Don't you imagine you may be wrong? I thought it was a good picture; I believe there is something the artist is trying to say that we don't quite understand. I wonder who painted it?"

She lowered her head and began to search through the pages of the catalogue. He looked down upon the brim of her unbecoming hat, his eye fastened upon a cloth rose, flagrantly unnatural, reprehensibly counterfeit. He laughed a little.

"I did," he said.

Simultaneously she discovered his name in the book.

"Herbert Lodge—" she began, and then her mind apprehended the words he had said.

Her speech stopped, the incongruous charm of her voice melted into silence like a dying song. She stared at his face, and he dropped his eyes, faintly embarrassed. Then she spoke to him again, and, looking down at the shiny level of the waxed floor, seeing nothing of her untempting face, her uncomely person, the tonal sweetness of her speech, her speech that stirred in the air almost as a corporate loveliness, seemed to proceed inevitably from an exquisite and bewitching presence.

"I'm glad I liked your picture," she said, "before I knew it was yours. Why do you say these unkind things about yourself?"

He looked up—and met her ineffectual eyes filmed with a sentimental moisture. Suddenly he felt that she was kind, that the unenchanting chrysalis of her exterior self concealed a profound and inner graciousness. For the first time he spoke to her with sincerity, and unsmiling.

"You are very good," he said, "but nevertheless the painting is not what you think. Some years ago I got the enthusiasm of art; the desire was insistent and authentic enough—it was ironic, don't you think, that I should have been given that, the driving force, without the talent? I went to Paris—were you ever in Paris?"

"No. . . ."

"I went to Paris after the impressionists had won their battle. I tried to achieve the suggestive magic of Degas and then Manet's vigour of colour. I did nothing. If I'd been fortunate enough to have had to earn my own living, I would have dropped this foolishness long ago. As it is, I'm corrupted—you understand? I spoil a good many square yards of canvas and board every year. . . ."

She put out her hand in a gesture that fell short of touching him.

"I'm sure you're wrong," she said, an immense and apocalyptical assurance in her voice. "I'd love to see more of your pictures!"

Her conviction expressed not only in her voice, but in the pathetic fervour of her unlovely face, brought the return of his amusement. He smiled at her again, he inclined himself toward her with a sardonic gallantry.

"Would you"—he asked—"would you like to see more of them?"

There was a proposal in his deliverance; she looked back at him a little startled.

"What do you mean?"

"Not far from here," he said, "I have my studio. It is full of nothing but bad pictures, all of my authorship. We will go there now if you like, and you'll need no additional proof of my perfidy!"

The absurd blushes, from which her countenance had lately been delivered, returned with his words. She was plainly shocked, even appalled, as if he had committed the utterance of a profound blasphemy. He knew that she would never have the courage of acquiescence; he stepped to her side abruptly, and took her arm. He felt the response of a trembling agitation under his unused masculine touch.

"Let's hurry out," he said, "before the crowd gets any larger. These exhibitions are an abomination. They attract all the asses in the city."

He drew her along with him; her feet, opposingly reluctant and eager, kept step with him.

II

THEY emerged from the squat, ancient building of the Academy, and found his green runabout standing near the door, with the aloof, illimitable patience of an unsentient mechanism. He pushed her into the seat, and in a moment he was beside her at the driver's wheel. The car, like a beast awakened by his necromancy from a motionless spell, snorted away with an explosive clatter. He manipulated the intricacies of the traffic with dextrous ease.

She sat beside him, tingling, as from the momentary emersion in an icy fluid. It seemed to her that all the functions of her mind and body, the flow of her thoughts, the beat of her heart, the pulse of her blood, were serving the single purpose of an emotional expression, sheer and unqualified emotion, emotion that held her as a thrall. An epochal adventure had come to her like an act of God; she was whirled in the vortex of a happening that nearly transcended her belief.

She was seated beside a man, a man who had talked to her, looked into her eyes, touched her with his hands, walked at her side! He was masterfully riding away with her, like a knight of antique romance, as if she were the snatched and stolen maiden of his bold desire. This was a reality, herself and the man beside her, yet how strangely like her intimate and unspoken fancies, her years-long wishing—how often she had dreamed it!

She knew she was not lovely; she had the bitter acquaintance of her charmless face, the unalluring angles of her body that had no grace of curves. Yet in her ego there had been the deep and concealed source of a hope and a romantic urge that fed it perennially. Men had passed her by, she knew no men; like one of another race, she was isolated. Still, somewhere in her, in some subtle shape whose lineaments would at last light a recognition in a man's eyes, she steadfastly, almost frantically, believed a charm must have its being. It would bring her romance, it would secure her tenderness, it would ensnare a love for her.

She was startled to find they were drawing close to the curb; with a final roar the engine died into silence; the artist slipped out from the wheel, and walking quickly around the front of the car opened the door for her. He held out his hand to aid her descent.

Their fingers touched; her pulses beat with the unaccustomed thrill of

his gallantry. He took her arm again, and they crossed the pavement. She glanced up at the building in front of them. They had stopped in front of an art-shop, and they paused now at the side door, whilst he searched his pockets for a key.

"I have my rooms above this place," he said. "It's convenient—I've only to go downstairs to buy whatever materials I need."

In a sudden terror she tried to free her arm.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I can't go in! What have I been thinking of! I don't even know you!"

He laughed, and his cavalier mirth convinced her of her capture. What might not happen to her! She was afraid, she was ecstatic, she was breathless with expectancy. Masterfully he ignored her expostulation, and pulling open the door, drew her with him into a meagre vestibule. Together they began the ascent of a steep flight of stairs; still he held to her arm as if he feared her abrupt, panic flight; on the narrow stairs he pressed close to her and the intimacy of their ascending nearness augmented her flushing fear and her delight. They reached the landing and there was a closed door in front of them on which his name was printed. He opened it for her; faint as an exhausted bird, she found herself pulled across the threshold.

It was a long room, an immense place, she thought, for the ceiling, ordinary in height at either end, curved upward toward the centre spaciously; a white lighting-dome hung downward here, suspended on three long brass chains. A window in front, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, was covered entirely by green curtains; above was the white large square of a skylight, that gave the room its sole illumination. Beneath the skylight she saw an easel, with a canvas frame tilted against it negligently. All over the room were paintings. They were stacked together in the corners, against the wall; some were piled like cordwood on the chairs; one was propped up against the back of a sofa. She heard the door close behind her. He was at her side again. He laughed softly, close to her ear.

"Pictures!" he exclaimed. "Here you are, an endless supply of them! The accumulation of years! Nobody wants them; I don't want them; I'm too lazy to have them carted away."

At the import of his words she forgot her timidities, and a tender desire to assure him, to communicate her certainty and her faith, stirred her like a maternal impulse. She turned her face to him, seeing his profile, the edge of his lips that smiled, the convex image of his dark eyes moving restlessly over the studio. She spoke to him softly; her lovely voice vibrated like a living entity in the still room.

"I want to see them all!" she said. "There's not one that I don't want to look at, and enjoy. Oh, you're wrong! You don't think the truth about yourself!"

Her fears had dissolved in her eagerness to give proof of her sincerity. She walked to the easel and contemplated a partly finished portrait held upright in the rack. It represented a woman, vaguely sweet of face, standing near a small table. Her shoulders were covered with an orange scarf, the wall behind her was purple, one of her hands, pale in the luxuriance of other colour, touched a brocaded cloth.

"Oh, this is interesting!" she exclaimed. "When will you finish it? I love the way the impressionists paint—isn't it wonderful how you make the purple of that wall and the orange of her shawl—not purple at all, or orange, but little streaks of red, little streaks of blue, then little streaks of yellow, little streaks of red, laid next to each other. At a distance they blend wonderfully!"

She began to ask him eager questions, questions about his technical procedure, how he went about capturing a certain effect, the colours he used, the brushes, the painting surface. She tirelessly examined his pictures, always finding merit, always fervid with en-

thusiasm. He yielded to the pleasure of her praise; he felt less ready to laugh at her. If he had transmitted the message of beauty to no one else, at least he had given it to her, and finally it seemed to him she deserved the return of respect for her appreciation. He answered all her questions, he spoke to her gently, he forgot to smile at her pathetic unloveliness.

Nevertheless, he was still conscious of it. Increasingly, as if the corollary of her words of praise, he understood her fundamental pathos, the pathos of her thoughts, of her hopes, of her life. She was as if revealed to him by some subtle and unspoken confession, illumined in his mind, and in a way endeared by his understanding of her.

He comprehended her hesitant fear and her palpitant delight in his own nearness; the intimacies of her apprehensions and her expectancies, her little terrors and her fluttering delights, her shrinking and her compliance; all the emotions that had claimed her since the moment he had first looked at her, since the first word he had spoken, were revealed to him. He talked to her and watched her; he looked squarely at her face into her unlovely eyes, and experienced a vague and pleasant sense of nobility—an emotion of martyrdom and self-immolation. Meanwhile, her voice, like a harmony intoned out of place, caressed his ears, served the almost forgotten urge of his vanity, with her sincere joy in the pictures he had painted.

Presently she sat down on the sofa and he seated himself beside her. Her cheeks reddened again with her graceless blush; nervously she wrung her fingers together for a moment. He spoke to her almost tenderly.

"I'm very grateful to you."

"Why? Why are you?"

"Really, these things are not worth liking, yet I can't help finding it pleasant that someone enjoys them. You can understand that?"

"Oh, I wish I could make you think differently!" she cried. "I *know* you're wrong! Can't you see that you're wrong?"

She put out her fingers in an earnest gesture, and moved by her sincerity, he met her fingers with his own. He felt the quick tensing of her muscles, he felt the hand beneath his touch grow chill, then swiftly warm. He looked at her face. Her lips were parted, and the flow of her words had ceased; the contact of his fingers spelled her power of speech into instant silence. Her eyes were wider, they fixed themselves upon his features as if there she found a quality at once the object of her fear and hope. He saw the expectancy in her face, he knew her deep desire, and closing his eyes to seal them from the image of her untempting lips, he put his arm about her, he drew her close to him, and kissed her.

Their lips separated; he looked at her again. Her eyes were closed and she seemed in the spell of a transcendent emotion. Her absurdly disproportionate response to the triviality of his caress restored for a moment his perception of the ludicrous. He stifled an impulse to laugh, and then felt ashamed that it had come to him. She opened her eyes, she murmured to him in a low voice.

"Why did you do that? What did you mean by that?"

He understood her question and its searching intent. He knew the words she wanted to hear, the declaration of her dear desire. Yet somehow her melancholy charmlessness was too flauntingly obvious for even the insincere few words that would have moved her to joy. Absurdly, insanely, incredibly, she dreamed that he might love her! She could never understand the impulse of his kiss—and he had not the power to lie to her.

He said nothing, and answered her question by tenderly gazing at her knobby hand.

III

In the days that followed it was as if he were fascinated by a special and melancholy gargoyle, a gargoyle sculp-

tured of a sad and dispossessed demon; he was for ever looking at her unbeautiful face. He took dinner with her in restaurants, and people stared at the pair as they sat down at the table. She would sit opposite him, gaudy with ugliness, but she talked whenever possible of his work, and her unwavering praise was sweet to his ear. He almost began to believe in her assurance, to credit her enthusiasms, to dream his first dreams—to think of a possible success. She urged him to paint and he executed several pictures; he looked upon their finished imperfections with an eye more than lenient. Sometimes she came to the studio, made her hesitant entry, blushed with her inevitable embarrassment, awkwardly found a chair near him, and watched him paint. She explained their relation: she said there was no reason why a man and woman couldn't be good friends. He had never kissed her since the first day.

Once, finding her standing in front of his easel, speaking in her dulcet intonation of his work, he experienced a wish, half tender and half humorous, to delight her with an unexpected proposal: he asked if he might paint her portrait. From the gleaming response of her eyes he understood that this had been in her hopes and again he felt the pleasant assurance of magnanimity, of sacrifice, of vague nobility that this ministry to her content always afforded him. He posed her on a chair and began the sketches of her face, studied each ungracious feature, each disproportionate curve, each unexpected angle, as if the engrossing content of a luminous page were open before him. He drew her thin nose, her little eyes, her stringy hair, her taut cheeks, her beak-like chin, until they were the intimates of his fingers. He placed the canvas on the easel and began to paint these conglomerate disenchantments in colours.

He painted slowly, and between his brush-strokes he watched her face. Day after day she sat in front of him, and it seemed to him at last that he would now paint a masterpiece, knowing her soul so well. Subtly commingled with her features, like a ghostly face beneath them, he felt that he could paint the comic pathos of her aspirations, and fix the hope of the light o' love in that unlovely setting.

But sometimes, in his close acquaintance with her face, her wanting lips, her desirous pale eyes, he felt an emotion of terror at the pathetic urgency of her appeal. It seemed too pitiful to deny her, to withhold the single brief caress she would so fervently treasure! But he understood the monstrous folly of her dreams; already the one kiss he had given her had burgeoned like an unnatural flower into an obvious hope reflected in her face. She could never understand the impulse of his kindness; she would interpret, she would imagine, she would dream! The same pity that pressed him to her gratification, restrained him.

He did not let her see the picture he was painting until it was nearly finished and then she came around in front of the easel and looked at it. She stood in an awkward pose, her mouth dropped open a little, her feet stuck out angularly from beneath her dress, her long fingers entwined themselves together nervously. She examined the painting several seconds and then with a face radiant she turned her eyes to his.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" she cried. "It's *me!* "You've got something there, something that's . . . that's really *me!* Don't you understand? This is a wonderful picture! . . . I can't possibly tell you how fine I think it is!"

He was near her, he was almost touching her; now he was looking at the picture. Her lovely voice, intoning her enthusiasm in a beauty of sound, entered his ears and gave him the conviction of success. She had recognized her own soul, that he had striven to give the flutter of its immaterial life on the flat immobility of canvas. It was achieved; she recognized it! He turned his eyes from the canvas and looked at her face; their eyes met. There, upon their flat and pallid sur-

face, like a melancholy mist, like a palpable desire, was the profound expression of her pathetic longing, the isolation of her unloveliness, her hope in his presence. In the surge of his conviction of high achievement, he could not resist her appeal to his gratitude, to his vanity, to his desirable sense of self-immolation. He took her in his arms, he kissed her unbewitching lips, he touched with his fingers her uninviting hair, he pressed his face against her undelectable cheeks.

For a second she was inert in his arms, surprised in a motionless thrill. Then she responded to his caresses; he felt her thin arms pressing harshly against his neck, her flat body close to his, her meagre lips kissing him. The impulse of his own caresses subsided, and with each touch of her lips she communicated to him a measure of terror, accumulating into a horrible apprehension of his folly. He saw no way to escape her, to elude the consequences of his accursed pity. With an insight appalling and acute he comprehended her inevitable interpretation of his ardour. What could he say to her?

She drew away from him a little; she rested her hands upon his shoulders, she looked with frightened love upon his countenance.

"I knew that you cared for me," she said to him, her voice stirring and athrill in a low beauty. "I knew that you wanted me. You *want* me, don't you?"

With affrighted eyes, he encountered the overwhelming amouressness of her gaze, he heard her terrifying words. She waited for his answer confident and ecstatic. His tongue struggled to articulate the truth, but he could not say it. A dreadful affirmative passed his lips.

"Yes," he said.

Committed irrevocably, he thought, she no longer appalled him; now her touch, her eyes, her kisses were not fearful. He was conscious of a great and generous melancholy, of a profound renunciation like that of a devoute. With an ascetic satisfaction he believed in his supreme nobility.

"I want to hear you say that you love me," she murmured. "Tell me that you love me!"

For a moment only his will was compliant, but at last he could not speak these words; it was the final lie he could not say.

IV

They were married and he took her, for their honeymoon, on a long trip in his car. He was not unhappy, or even regretful; there was an excitement in the strangeness of their relation. Her body was so utterly without charm, she was so impossibly the person of his choice, that her constant nearness gave him the consciousness of a nightmarish and absorbing adventure: it was incredible that she was his wife!

They returned to the city and rented a furnished apartment. The routine of living with her began. She was for ever hungry for his tenderness, and at first he gave it to her, in the outward expression, sufficient for her belief, amply. But already his constant awareness of her ugliness began to repel him, and make more difficult the deception of his rôle. He did not love her, and so never once was there the lover's metamorphosis of the unlovely to the lovely, the charmless to the charming. To escape her he began to go back to his studio and paint.

There, for a time, he found delight and an enthusiasm. He was still convinced that in the portrait he had done of her his old dreams began their realization; he was yet under the spell of her assurance. But painting became more difficult; his old conviction of ineptness crept back into his mind, to trouble and disturb him.

Before their honeymoon his portrait of her had been put away in a closet in the studio, put almost reverently out of the way of harm until he should exhibit it. One day he went to the closet and took it out. He sat it up on the easel and examined it. He stared amazed, he tried to find the inspiration

that had seemed so evident in these coloured daubs. But his eye refused to discover it; it was no more than a poor picture of an unhandsome woman. Astonished, disillusioned, overwhelmed, he turned from the picture almost with a shudder, as if his eyes had seen a horror. It was the damnable persuasion of her praise that had fooled him, that had tricked him, that had let his eyes to see the mirage of success!

Now he could no longer play his part with her; he avoided her as much as possible. She did not understand at first, then she began to suspect, she began to doubt. She lost, little by little, her sureness of herself, her belief that he had discovered the deep spring of her allure. Her face acquired the melancholy longing he had first seen in it.

But he did not see it now. He was endlessly wrestling with the problem of their relation, and each day her enforced nearness grew a burden more impossible for his spirit. An inevitable decision lurked constantly in his thoughts, but for a time he would not give it the substance of words. But finally, as he had known he would, he voiced it in his mind: he would leave her.

Once he had said this to himself, he grew less discontent. He began to laugh a little; he appreciated the sardonic misfortune his vanity had occasioned him. His old outlook, his old half self-despising cynicism returned to him. He knew that almost any day he would go now; it would be the simple matter of leaving the flat with what things he wished to take away packed in a suitcase. Later, he could make provision for her, without seeing her.

Since he was at last determined upon it, he did not hurry the event. He lingered a month or more before, one day, he suddenly decided that he would go. In the evening he went into his room and put the most intimate things of his own into a small bag. He closed the leather jaws and snapped the lock. He took the bag in his hand and walked out into the hall. Here he put it softly on the floor, and stood, for a moment, irresolute.

At the end of the hall the door of the living-room was closed, and through a crack he saw a faint, flickering light. He knew she was sitting there, sitting in front of two absurd little asbestos logs that burned gas in imitation of wood. From an impulse that he did not stop to fathom, he left the bag in the hall and walked slowly toward the room.

He opened the door and entered. She turned her face at his coming, and the light flickered over it, revealing its untempting contours in variant highlights. Her expression was deeply melancholy; she said nothing. He looked at her upturned eyes and suddenly, like the returning ghost of a forgotten emotion, he remembered his pity of her, he was aware once more of her pathos. He knew then how immeasurably she had desired, for that unlovely body, his love. Never once had he told her that he loved her!

A great desire of magnanimity swept over him; he would give her what he had never given, he would give her her moment of triumph! He stepped to her side, he pulled a chair near her, he sat down close to her. Drawing her astonished face to his, he kissed her. Then, as once he had done before, to shut out the sight of her unbeautiful face, he closed his eyes. He was about to speak.

"What is it?" she said.

The deep charm of her voice startled him. It seemed impossible that it could proceed from anything save enchanting lips; this he would imagine as he made his avowal.

"I love you," he said. "I love you dearly. I love you with all my heart!"

He felt her tremble and thrill beneath his touch. She began to murmur the broken confession of her fears, how foolish she had been, how she had doubted him. Now she knew; now she was at last magnificently assured. They would be supremely happy; she would serve and charm him and give him her unending love.

As she spoke, he remained with his eyes still closed. He drank in, like a sweet old wine, the beauty of her ineffable voice that thrilled and trembled in the silent room as if it had a life, and were itself a being. A deep regret stirred him. Ah! She should have been beautiful; they could have been much to each other; she had gifts of sympathy and courage to give him.

Now she stopped speaking, and leaning her head against the back of her chair she closed her own eyes in a languorous ecstasy, in a supreme deliverance of her soul and body to the emotions of her triumphant hour.

He stood up softly and left the room. He took up the little bag in the hall and walked out of the apartment. The streets were bright and inviting when he reached them. He began to whistle a little. He felt boyish. He was happy, and he was free.

Within the room she was unaware of his going; her ecstasy absorbed the perceptiveness of all her senses.

JOHNSONIANA

By Edna A. Collamore

1

CALL: a loud, disagreeable utterance.
Caller: a succession of such utterances.

2

Candid: fair, just, impartial, illustrious.
Candidate: one who admits that he possesses these qualities.

3

Care: solicitude.
Caress: a cause for solicitude.

4

Champ: to bite and chew violently and noisily.
Champion (of the people): one who makes his living by champing.

5

Check: an obstacle.
Cheque-book: the way over it.

6

Complex: a whole made up of complicated parts.
Complexion: same as complex.

AS IN A DRINKING-GLASS

By John Hamilton

MY wife's hobby is Grecian urns. She has ninety-seven in her collection.

She keeps them in glass cases in the library.

To me Grecian urns are ugly, useless things.

Yesterday she said to me: "To-night a woman is dining with us who is going to give me an urn she dug up with her own hands on the Acropolis. It is the size of a tumbler and exquisitely coloured with a design more intricate than a mosaic."

I have a habit of imbibing numerous cocktails when I am annoyed.

I drank twelve before dinner.

At the table the woman from Greece asked me how I liked the urn.

I saw that it was at my place and I picked it up.

In colour it was a muddy yellow with several red spots; in design it represented a woman's face, high cheeks, spreading nose, thin lips and receding chin.

"The face on it is the ugliest I ever saw," I said.

"There is no face on it," snapped the woman from Greece. . . .

To my horror I realized that I had been gazing at her face through my empty tumbler.

INSPIRATION

By Abbie Farwell Brown

LIFE, death, in a drop of dew;
Or a prism to sift the sunbeam through.

Fragile, perfect, briefly bright,
A tremulous miracle of light:

Beauty poised on a flower-tip,
A whole round world for a Thrush to sip.

FURTHER PARABLES FROM A PAGAN BIBLE

By Winthrop Parkhurst

I

A MAN halted suddenly in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare and commenced looking up into the sky. A pedestrian who was passing near stopped in curiosity and joined him. Then in a moment more someone else followed suit till, after a little while, a vast crowd had collected and every man in it had dropped his jaw and was staring heavenward. When this happened the man who had originally looked up at the sky slipped away unnoticed and went home.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "I always knew religions were easy things to start."

II

THE millionaire philanthropist wrote a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars and a smile of quiet satisfaction spread itself slowly over his face. It was a large sum of money, more, perhaps, than he could actually afford. But a warm glow somewhere inside his being told him that the sacrifice was worth while, well worth while. After all, what were twenty-five thousand dollars when weighed against the comfort and pleasure they were going to buy? Had not experts assured him that the car was the fastest, smartest, raciest model on the market?

III

"KISS me!" she commanded imperiously. "And now again—and now again—and now once more!"

An hour earlier at the restaurant, after an elaborate dinner, he had begged her to have a little something more to eat. "Food!" she exclaimed with an epicurean shudder. "I feel as if I never wanted to see food again in my life."

IV

THE poem was epic. It was herculean. It was a whirlwind out of the mouth of an age whose lips had supposedly grown bloodless with too much prose. It was a trumpet set to the mouth of a prophet of a new Utopia—a Utopia wherein gluttony and greed and drunkenness and all the petty vices of a petty world should live no more.

I went to interview the poet and asked him to tell me, if he could, about the source of his remarkable inspiration.

"Certainly," he replied. "I was squiffed."

V

A MAN who had never had any luck in his life discovered a pearl in the oyster he was eating. "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed with eyes agleam, "luck at last!"

Twenty-four hours later he died of ptomaine poisoning. The pearl paid exactly for his funeral.

VI

HE had nothing more to live for, so he decided, quite calmly, to kill him-

self with poison. As he started across the avenue on his way to the chemist's, a taxicab which he failed to observe, came careening downtown at thirty miles an hour. Before he realized what was happening it loomed up at his side less than ten feet away, and he saw with horror that it was headed straight for him. Paralyzed, he stood stock still and waited. . . . Whereupon the cab executed a clever swerve and continued down the avenue, while he walked weakly to the opposite curb and sat down.

"My God!" he gasped, mopping cold perspiration from his brow. "What a close shave that was!"

VII

THE Philosopher's wife was sick, so the burden of quieting the baby and preparing the breakfast fell on his shoulders. He put the baby in the oven to warm and started rocking the loaf of bread to sleep. . . . After the funeral he wrote a violent tirade against the folly of Pragmatism.

THE REASON

By Odell Shepard

APPLE blossoms against the blue
In the windy orchard we wandered through
And what was there else to do or to say
In such a place, on such a day?

Out of the wind a bluebird came
And burned on a bough like a small blue flame
And sang till the vivid day grew dim
In a drift of petals over him.

And through the veins of a maid and a man,
Through bough and bird and blossoms ran
One wave of mystery, one desire,
One magical flame of wind-blown fire.

Others might ask for a better reason
Than windy boughs in the bluebird season,
But they were enough for me and for you . . .
Apple blossoms against the blue!

THERE are two kinds of men—those who don't understand women and those who think they do.

TAWNY MAKES A VISIT

By S. N. Behrman

FOR some reason the bromide did not work, Tawny couldn't sleep! After shifting uneasily in bed for some time, he rose to a sitting posture and propped himself up against the pillows. He hoped that his nurse, in the next room, would not hear him. She would come in, take his pulse, question him. He did not want to be questioned, he did not want to go to sleep. He wanted to sit up, to think.

He was feeling extraordinarily well, less weak than usual. As he sat there in bed he thanked Heaven that his illness was not a painful one. Treacherous though—he knew that he might drop off any minute. Often he had hoped that it would come at night, while he was sleeping. . . .

At the thought a sudden fear seized him. He had become quite used to the idea of dying, but now the thought that he might have kept lying there, with Death creeping upon him stealthily, while he lay helpless, unknowing, appalled him. How glad he was to be up!—as though the enemy were one to be outwitted by vigilance. Did he not know that it was excitement that was dangerous, thinking, the quickening of hope? Languor was demanded of him, dead calm. He knew all that, it had been told to him often enough—But now he was up he was going to stay up, now he was thinking about himself he was going to keep on thinking. He was through with coddling himself. What was a week, a month, more or less. He would think what he liked, as much as he liked!

He reached out over the little table and turned on the light. The rose-shaded electric bulb showed him the face of a heavy brass clock—11.15.

11.15! The very angle of the clock-hands evoked memories. It was just about that hour that he would leave his cosy little room on the mezzanine floor and start on the rounds. At that time the after-theatre crowds would begin to come in and he would cross the mezzanine and go down into the lobby. Rinaldo, sleek and impeccable in his dinner clothes, would bustle up to greet him, to get his instructions. They would exchange a few words, not too many. Tawny liked Rinaldo well enough, he was a nice Italian who understood the hotel business and made a good manager, but he was inclined to garrulity, to intimacies. Tawny knew too much to encourage that sort of thing. . . .

Well, he would chat with Rinaldo. Rinaldo would tell him who was "in," what was doing on the waiter's strike, how things were running in the kitchen, who was asking for him. Mr. Markheim had been in and asked for him but had gone out again. Markheim was one of the biggest theatrical managers in the country and lived in the hotel, that he was its permanent guest was a source of great pride to Tawny. Markheim was a real man, a big man for all his five feet four and Tawny was sorry to have missed him. Rinaldo was to tell Markheim, if he dropped in before half-past twelve, that he, Tawny, wanted to see him. . . .

Almost, in re-living this scene, Tawny forgot that Markheim, too, was dead. Poor Markheim! Tawny regretted that his own illness had prevented his attending Markheim's

funeral. A great funeral it had been, all the actors in New York had been there. Yes—Markheim and he—they had both passed on.

That was nonsense! After all he could still sit up in bed and think about Markheim. That was more than Markheim could do about him. He could remember not only Markheim, he could remember himself! He could remember his first days in the city when he had been a cook. Yes, a cook in a cheap little place down in South Street. That was nothing. Markheim had been an usher in a theatre and when he died he'd had a funeral in a church on Fifth Avenue and a eulogy by a big politician. It wasn't how you began, it was how you finished that counted. And he had certainly finished fine, as fine, in his way, as Markheim. . . .

As Tawny sat propped up against the pillows in the quiet bedroom of his suite overlooking Central Park, he thought of his hotel. And as he thought of it a feeling of pride, of affection, of deep bereavement came over him. Why had he been separated from his beloved hotel? Why couldn't he have been as lucky as Markheim, who had died while in a theatre, directing a rehearsal?

As he sat there a picture of the great building came across his vision and it was accompanied by a nostalgia that almost overpowered him. He thought fondly of the great, warm, peopled place with its lights and mirrored elevators and cosy suites, and with its corridors full of men and women in evening clothes, its fountained eating-rooms with musicians playing stringed instruments under lavender lights—its subterranean grills crowded with younger people dancing to noisy bands, the enlivening hum of talk, the mingled odour of scents and expensive cigar smoke, the warm tints of women's shoulders and the glow of their faces, the eager little meetings, the laughter, the murmurous sounds of life and people, gay and careless, happy, loving, about to eat and drink. . . . He thought, too, of the myriad telephone wires threading the walls and partitions like veins, warm with human voices, pleading or angry. . . .

This was the wine of existence to Tawny. Always had he loved the sound of people eating, to serve them food, to see men and women leaning toward each other over narrow tables, exchanging smiles or angry.

He glanced again at the clock on the table. 11.20—things were just beginning! He could almost feel in his ears the curious hum that marked that hour in the hotel. To Tawny each part of the day had its own sound and he loved them all: the precise, business-like bustle of the morning, when the lobbies were full of guests arriving and leaving, the slight relaxing and mellowness of the lunch hour, the soporific restfulness of the early afternoon, the quickened pulse of tea-time, the smiling decorum of dinner, the expectant silences of the theatre-hours and the gradual, almost breathless eddying of people as 11 o'clock came round. This, till after midnight, was the time Tawny loved best; every hour in the twenty-four almost made itself sensible to him with a peculiar overtone of its own, but the hour approaching midnight and the hour following midnight, these were the great hours for Tawny, the mellow hours, the hours richly and subtly flavoured, like a delicate innuendo. . . .

Tawny stared through the gloom of his bedroom at the fountain in the Rose Room. Among the half-dozen restaurants in the hotel the Rose Room was his favourite. It was not noisy and brash like the Grilles, it was more mature, more modulated, more elegant. The fountain was his own contribution to its magnificence, his idea to have it sprayed with shifting lights from behind the covert of a mass of foliage. Markheim himself had admired it and congratulated him on his inventiveness.

"Couldn't stage a better effect myself!" he had said.

For the Rose Room Tawny had the chef prepare special delicacies, things which the young people in the Grilles, who came to dance and who were not

sufficiently mature to put the proper valuation on food, could hardly appreciate. The ordinary things were good enough for them, rarebits and parfaits. But in the Rose Room you were offered special delicacies, gastronomic cameos.

Tawny reflected: to-night was Wednesday. There would be devilled sardines; that was the Wednesday special in the Rose Room. The fish, plump and white, were broiled and served swimming in glorious, red-gold liquid. Markheim, an epicure, used to say that there was nothing in town to touch the Rose Room's devilled sardines. . . .

And then a sudden desire came upon Tawny, a desire so overpowering that it did not admit of resistance, but resulted in action with the automatism of instinct. Quite as though it were normal, quite as though he had not been bed-ridden for over two months and forbidden to leave the house, quite as though he had merely awakened from a refreshing nap, he pushed himself slowly and quietly out of bed, crept to his dressing-table and began to hunt his clothes, the clothes he had not worn in over two months.

When he reached the centre of the room dizziness overcame him and he had to lean against a table. But it passed after a moment and he continued in his determination, undisturbed. When he found his clothes and began to put them on his fingers trembled with impatience. It really seemed impossible, too miraculous that he was going to see the hotel again, feel beneath his feet the carpets of its corridors, sit among the guests in the Rose Room. He ought to be there in a half-hour, less. . . . He would order devilled sardines to see whether things were being kept up to the mark in his absence. What a lark, what a glorious, jolly lark! Why in Heaven's name hadn't he done it before, doctors or no doctors!

As he dressed it seemed to him suddenly as though his illness were a dream, that he had never been away from his ordinary duties at the hotel, that Markheim was not dead, that the old days were back again, the full, happy days with Evelyn—when she had loved and admired him. Now she pitied him. He could see that, it had been painfully apparent to him that afternoon when she visited him. For that very reason he had told her to go away, to spend two weeks or a month in Atlantic City, because he did not want her to keep coming to see him, pale and helpless, he did not want her to look at him pityingly with those lovely eyes of hers. . . .

Poor Evelyn! She liked him, really liked him, and had been true to him, he was sure, and now she was to be left alone. Of course he hadn't forgotten her; he had seen to it that she should be well provided for after his death. Only he no longer derived pleasure from the sight of her, full of youth and glowing with health. It only made the more apparent his own weakness. And, although they both spoke always of his illness as a temporary inconvenience, as though things would soon be again with them as they had been, he knew that she knew that this was his death-bed and the mutual knowledge made them both uncomfortable. So he had made her promise that afternoon that she go away next day to Atlantic City for a holiday. She looked pale and worn, he said, and needed a rest. Finally he had forced a promise from her and in both their minds was present the thought that it would be the announcement of his death that would bring her back. . . .

And now it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant surprise to Evelyn if he went to her apartment and took her to the hotel with him for a bite of supper. She would probably be asleep—she had told him she was going to bed early to be fresh for her journey—but he could wake her. Poor child! She had no one to go with very much since he fell ill. Besides, she was too genuinely affected by his condition to go gadding about with her former friends. How faithful, how kind, she had been to him! Every day she would

come and sit with him and tell him the gossip he loved to hear. She had not missed one day! Even she had offered to come and nurse him but he wouldn't hear of it. . . .

At last he was fully dressed. Now the point was to get out of the apartment without the nurse hearing him. What a joke on her!—he felt a little like a schoolboy outwitting a virago governess. If things went right there was no reason why he couldn't get back before she waked. He stole to the door on tiptoe, opened and shut it and stepped into the corridor. He felt strangely weak in the legs, but on the whole he was immensely exhilarated at the prospect of his adventure. He had not in a long while felt so intensely alive. . . . What wouldn't Markheim give if he could do this! He felt as though he were escaping from a tomb, playing a waggish trick on death itself. . . .

At last he found himself in the outer hall. He walked to the elevators and rang, breathing rather heavily, forced to sit down while the car came up. The elevator man was astonished at the sight of him.

"Hello, Jim!" chirped Tawny, cheerily.

"Why, Mr. Tawny—!" That was all the boy could say.

"Surprised to see me, eh? Well, I'm not a gonner yet, my boy. Some kick left in me yet!"

"You bet!" said Jimmy, staring. He felt as though he were seeing a ghost, it was common talk about the hotel that Mr. Tawny's death was a matter of days, hours.

"I'll tell you what, though," continued Tawny. "Don't say anything to Miss Alberta—about your seeing me I mean. Get me?"

He winked significantly and pressed a bill into the boy's palm. Jimmy nodded vigorously. Yet Tawny felt quite sure that he would be unable to resist confiding in Mabel, the telephone girl.

Tawny enjoined a similar reticence on O'Brien, the manager, who led him to the door and helped him into his taxi.

Evelyn lived on the West Side and Tawny's taxi had to cross the Park. It was a soft, warm evening in September and the cab was open. Tawny sat back and stared up at the narrow strip of star-sown sky visible above the curved lane made by the trees. A great night! Markheim would have liked to do this sort of thing again, just once more. . . .

He had got into the habit of thinking of himself and his friend as having passed on together and this reflection gave him a curious sort of pleasure. . . . This was fun! How surprised Evelyn would be!

And, to add to her happiness, to make his visit an occasion for felicitation he decided that he would take her into his confidence about his will. He would tell her exactly what he had left her and together they would celebrate her good fortune.

Rather a good idea! He was pleased with it. . . . Kind of an idea Markheim would have liked. Dramatic . . sort of . . .

II

At the Bellecourt in the West 70's Tawny got out, slowly, and, asking the driver to wait, went inside. At first he thought of going up at once, but he was afraid that Evelyn might be too frightened and he decided to call first on the 'phone. He went to the switchboard and told the girl to tell Miss Maddern that Mr. Tawny was downstairs and coming up.

The girl rang several times but received no answer.

"She's a heavy sleeper," said Tawny, smiling.

"I don't believe Miss Maddern is in," answered the telephone girl.

"Nonsense," said Tawny.

There was nothing for it but to go upstairs. "Keep on ringing," he told the girl, "and say I'm coming up."

Though he had a key to the apartment, Tawny stopped outside the door and knocked. It would be quite a

shock to Evelyn to see him, he wanted to prepare her. But no answer came to his knocking. Then he unlocked the door and stepped in.

He began to feel a trifle nervous, almost as though he were disembodied. He tried to make this visit seem like others, but he could not recapture the sense of familiarity. Nevertheless, he groped along the little hall without turning the switch, and, stopping in front of Evelyn's bedroom, pushed open the door. The bed was made, the room was empty. . . .

He turned on the light. There were clothes scattered about the room, and the dressing table was disordered. Evidently someone had called, asked her to go out and she had left in a hurry. He picked up one or two things from the dressing table, letters. So Evelyn corresponded with people! And he thought her life so detached, so lonely. For a moment he was tempted to read the letters. And suddenly the temptation seemed to him so absurd, so ridiculous that he almost smiled. At this stage of the game to track Evelyn, to pry into her affairs, to apply the rigidities of a code! . . .

He turned off the light and went out. Downstairs he gave the telephone girl five dollars.

"Please don't say anything to Miss Maddern about my visit, will you?"

She promised. Then he went out and got into his taxi. It swept across toward Broadway.

He was surprised that he was not more angry at Evelyn. She had lied to him that afternoon, when she had pretended such deep solicitude, had protested her unwillingness to go to Atlantic City, to leave him alone. It seemed unnecessary, mean, stupid. No, he was not angry. In fact, as he thought about it, he grew pleased. He would call his lawyers in the morning, he had a slight alteration to make in his will. . . .

Somehow, though, the zest had been taken out of his expedition. He felt tired, depressed. He wanted to go back to his apartment. He thought of Markheim. If Markheim were alive, and knew, how Markheim would have laughed at him! . . .

And then the taxi stopped in front of his hotel. He had thought to go in the front entrance with Evelyn, but he changed his mind about that now. He didn't want to meet Rinaldo, he didn't want to meet anyone. So he asked the driver to take him to a side entrance, where he got out. He went inside, following the lesser-used corridors till he came to the Rose Room. He prayed to himself that he would not be noticed. Thankfully he observed that there was a new head-waiter. He sought out an obscure corner and sat down.

The Rose Room was fairly crowded. The fountain was opalescent with many colours. The string orchestra played with proper modulation. Yet Tawny could not derive from the scene the thrill he anticipated. Again he had the curious feeling that had come over him when he entered Evelyn's room, as of an intruder, a disembodied visitant. If Evelyn had been with him it would have been all right, she would have chatted and made it seem regular, but, without her, alone, creeping in as though he were a criminal trying to avoid a policeman's gaze, he felt strange, uncanny. . . . The waiter hovered and waited for his order.

"Devilled sardines," said Tawny, without looking at the card, "and coffee—"

"No devilled sardines, sir," said the waiter.

"No devilled sardines! Why, it's Wednesday—!"

The waiter looked apologetic and Tawny consulted the card. It was true. There were other things on the menu but no devilled sardines! He was half-inclined to get up and call Rinaldo and give him a piece of his mind. He was still boss of this hotel, he'd have him know—!

But he ordered something else and sat without moving. Then he saw Evelyn.

She was with Rodney Baird! Rodney Baird, the ex-chorus man, suddenly

promoted to Sunday Supplement fame by the dancing-craze.

"They might have picked another hotel!" was the first thought that occurred to Tawny. Their presence here, of all places, symbolized the extent to which they considered him removed from any possibility of return to his accustomed ways.

Fairly safe from observation himself, he watched them closely. They seemed to be having a very good time, laughing and talking constantly. He had never seen her look more charming, she was in evening dress and her slim arms and shoulders gleamed in the electric light. Baird, though, looked as usual, vapid, complacent, a little like a decadent Hapsburg. Evelyn had always expressed to him contempt for Baird, and now here she was having supper with him, in his own hotel. And she had told him, that afternoon, that she was going to bed early to-night in order to be fresh for her journey to Atlantic City to-morrow.

Tawny felt a flare of rage and contempt surge up in him. He did not know why, but he had always believed that she was faithful to him, ever since his illness. He had been square with her and he expected like treatment on her part. What a fool he was to have believed her! It was so little to ask—that she wait until he had gone, so little considering what he had done for her. . . . And she had not thought enough of him to do it. She had pretended, in order to get his money. Well, he would show her!

For a moment he thought of getting up and going to them, facing them. For several minutes he struggled with that desire. But, suddenly, it left him. He felt overcome with weariness. He should not have left his room. He wanted to go back home.

He looked again at Evelyn and Baird. After all, sooner or later, this thing was bound to happen. What if she had waited until the end? Wasn't it a vanity to expect it?

He paid his check and went out, sure that he had not been observed. His fatigue was so great that he had hardly the strength to walk to the sidewalk. The porter helped him into a taxi; a sudden exclamation from the man made Tawny look up at him.

"Great Heavens," he had cried, "it's Mr. Tawny!"

"Why, Phil!" he said. "What are you doing around this entrance?"

"They think I'm a little old for the front, sir," said the man. "But how are you, sir?"

"I'm pretty well, Phil," said Tawny as the cab pulled away.

So they had shunted Phil off to the side entrance. Tawny had known him over ten years. It occurred to him that he ought to leave Phil something, faithful servant. . . . Yes, he would. He would call Hollister in the morning, he would cut out Evelyn and put Phil in. He wondered what Markheim would have thought of that!

Always he was fond of fancying things which Markheim might consider "dramatic." The dead manager had been Tawny's idol.

The taxi swept into the Park. Yes, he would cut Evelyn off. And he would send her a message in the morning telling her that, as far as he was concerned, she need not go to Atlantic City, that he never wanted to see her again.

And then, as he thought of himself doing that, calling Hollister, writing Evelyn, he smiled. What for? Because Evelyn, instead of staying home, was flirting with Rodney Baird. Did he expect the universe to stop during his illness? What, after all, did it matter?

He leaned back, slightly rested, looking at the still points of light in the sky. He wondered casually whether there was anything in all this talk about immortality. He rather guessed not. Markheim had never believed in it and Markheim made a study of that sort of thing. As for him, Tawny, he wasn't much interested, either way. . . .

"When you die," Markheim used to say, "you die!"

Just the same he wouldn't let Evelyn get away with anything like that. Most

certainly he would see Hollister in the morning. And he must see about Phil Boyertson. He really must see about Phil Boyertson. . .

The taxi stopped in front of Tawny's hotel. The driver opened the door.

"Here we are, sir!"

And, misunderstanding the cause of Tawny's silence, he repeated the remark, more sharply.

And still Tawny did not answer. . . .

POST MORTEM

By T. F. Mitchell

I WAS bitter towards my wife. They say that my ill-treatment killed her. They tell me her death was caused by my throwing books at her. As I reflect now, I see my error. I admit it was wrong to treat her the way I did, to throw the books at her. I should have had better sense, I should have known better, I should have first taken them out of the bookcase.

FREEDOM

By Margaret Widdemer

I CAN be free of any
  Who come about my door,
For life can show a hundred roads,
  And still may show me more—

My heart's friend laughed to all the world
  The grief I told by night,
Yet still the dawn has perfumed winds
  And still the day is bright;

My old love kissed another lass
  And thought I did not see:
I bade him take his joy of her,
  And laughed and wondered free,

A little pang on passing
  And then the world is new—
I can be free of any, . . .
  But you, my dear, but you!

CONVENTION

By John V. Craven, Jr.

THE Maréchal D'Andéjour sighed. Again the Maréchal D'Andéjour sighed.

The Maréchal D'Andéjour crossed his legs and still sipping his Cognac sighed for the third time. Being a woman, curiosity conquered me.

"What is it, Armand?" I whispered.

He did not look at me.

"Nothing," he said slowly, "except that my life is ruined, little flower."

I laughed.

"You have always me," Armand.

"You are very good to me, little flower. No man had ever such a mistress—"

"And you," I broke in, "and yet it is another woman you desire?"

Tapping the lid of his snuff box the Maréchal frowned.

"Yes," he said sharply, "I do."

"Armand!"

"And she can never be mine."

"What?" I cried, amazed. "Sacre nom—" Then I laughed. "Oh, Armand, why will you jest?"

The Maréchal bit his lip, still frowning.

"No," he said, "I can never have her."

I tried not to laugh, but what would you have? Then still shaken by mirth, "Oh, Armand, Armand, bête! What woman in all France is not for you if you desire her? You, the king's favourite, hero of two campaigns, handsome—for you are, Armand—young, wealth unlimited—"

Here he sighed again. "If I had her I should be a ruined man, a social outcast, a—" My fingers to his lips, I checked the words.

"Are you mad, Armand? What woman is there of whom the having would ruin you? Did you not take me from the streets? Was not Madame la Comptesse yours? Men say the queen herself—"

He cut me short almost savagely. "I tell you I can never have this woman. The court would—"

"Armand," I said, "playing with the ruffles round his throat, "Armand, tell me her name."

The muscles of his face worked convulsively. Then with a broken sob the words rushed forth. "Oh, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, I love—my wife!"

I kissed his hair. Poor, unhappy boy! I loved him when he wept.

A WOMAN is not interested in seeing herself as others see her. Rather in making others see her as she sees herself.

THE LADY LILITH

By Richard Le Gallienne

I

"Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
(The witch he loved before the gift of Eve. . . .)"

LIGHT was falling like a trance over the Caribbean sea. The beautiful little yacht *Aphrodite* lay at anchor, or, rather, hung suspended as in a mirror of crystal, under the lee of a lonely coral island, whose tangled scrub of palmettos and dwarf pines was beginning to grow black and haunted against the eastern sky. Towards the still glowing west, and north and south, stretched endless floors of gleaming water, like a vast heaving moonstone, here and there broken with long snowy lines where the glassy swell washed noiselessly over distant reefs. In the infinite diaphanous sky the stars were coming out, first one by one, and then in clumps, like silver flowers in a meadow.

Jack Hildreth, the gay, gallant, yet melancholic, owner of the *Aphrodite*, and I sat aft together under the awnings, smoking our after-dinner cigars, not speaking a word. The vast surrounding hush seemed to have cast a spell over us, and we sat on as though enchanted, as though lost together in the innermost silent heart of a dream.

The silence was so delicate, so gleaming, so intense—so perfect a mood of sky and sea—that to speak would have been like deliberately dashing to the ground some precious vessel of Venetian glass.

Presently Con-Fu (Hildreth's playful abbreviation of "Confucius"), Hildreth's Chinese servant, came softly with a tray holding the apparatus for our bed-time whisky-and-soda, and saying or rather chirruping good-night, left us again to ourselves. Even Con-Fu seemed, if possible, to have taken on an extra layer of taciturnity.

As the air darkened, the sea beneath our keel began to grow mysteriously luminous, with trailing smoulders of soft fire, drifting globes of light, and here and there a cluster of scattered radiance, as of some nebula of the sea. Soon we had lost each other's face in the darkness and our glowing cigar ends alone signalled our presence to each other.

At last Hildreth's cigar end moved away from its station, and his voice came out of the darkness.

"What do you say to a whisky-and-soda, old chap?" said the voice.

"A truly oracular utterance," I laughed, "from that wonderful silence."

And then I switched on a little electric light near the tabouret, mixed our potions and switched the light off again.

Jack Hildreth is a well-known figure, as we used to say, in two continents, *persona grata* alike in what we call society, and in the world of letters, a popular novelist, whose romances, brilliant and cynical, yet with a strange touch of sadness running through them, have made him many thousands, and a personality fascinating, and still boyish on the brink of sixty. The pet of women, he has never married, though gossip credits him with many love affairs, as could hardly be otherwise, with his sympathetic, handsome, laughing, yet melancholy face, and a figure that always seems to be crying out for the costumes of a courtlier day.

It would be hard to find a life more shone on by the sun of various success

than that of Hildreth's, yet there are one or two of his familiars that have had glimpses of the simplicity of his nature and the inner sadness of his heart. More and more he has been withdrawing himself from the world which he found so easy to conquer, and, making his yacht a sort of hermitage, has loafed about the solitudes of the seas, with a cabin full of books for society and an occasional bosom friend.

This will suffice to introduce him to the reader, and to explain how he and I happened to be musing and smoking our cigars together, that evening, in that mystic solitude of the Caribbean.

"You've had a long think, Jack," I said presently, as a moon, so far away across the waters as to seem in another world, began to rise and gradually reveal us once more to each other.

He did not answer for a moment, and then he said, with unusual gravity:

"Did you ever happen to break a woman's heart, old man?"

"Not that I know of," I answered.

"You don't want to," he said, and went back into himself again. Then, with a sudden way he had of quoting poetry without any preface—and he is the best reader or sayer of poetry I know—he spoke these lines with a very moving thrill in his voice, and as though to himself:

"Thy name hath been a silence in my life
So long, it falters upon language now,
O more to me than sister or than wife
Once . . . and now—nothing! It is hard to know
That such things have been, and are not; and yet
Life loiters, keeps a pulse at even measure,
And goes upon its business and its pleasure
And knows not all the depths of its regret. . . ."

Then turning suddenly to me:

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I feel like telling you something—unbosoming myself, don't they call it? Influence of the scenery, I suppose, rising moon and so on. Then you're such a good listener, poor fellow. But, seriously, would you like to hear something I have never told anyone else before, and want very much to tell you?"

I assured him of my deep interest.

"You see, it was this very night—thirty-four years ago," he went on. "Thirty-four years ago—great God! think of thirty-four years ago. Think for a moment. Travel back. You are in a land you have quite forgotten—though we talk of it as though we still knew it, were even still there, the mysterious wonderland called Youth. *Youth!* You can no more think yourself back into it, with all its freshness, its innocence, its courage, than you can think yourself forward into Heaven. Everything new and strange, everything to be seen and known and done. Youth and Poverty and Love—the three musketeers that fear nothing together—and with the dream of 'Fame' for the fourth! Try and think yourself back, and then I'll tell you my story—a simple story enough, a story such as many another sad man hides in his heart: as old as the story of Adam and Eve and the Lady Lilith—the eternal story of the man and two women."

"I'm trying to get back there," I said, "but go on with your story, and you'll get me there, I know, if anyone can."

"Time: Youth, then—Place: The City of London: Year, say around 1880. Chief Dramatis Persona—in his own estimation—a youth of twenty, with a mop of blond, curling locks of which he is inordinately vain; tall, slim, grey-eyed, undeniably handsome, and generally a romantic-looking young creature, who should have lived in another time, been a page at Elizabeth's court, say, with a rose in his locks, and a lute at his side. Of course, there is no egoism in saying all this, for nothing has ever more completely vanished from the earth than that youth in question, who had recently brought his curls and his dreams up from what we call 'the provinces' to London town, which

it was his confident intention of conquering on the spot with a sheaf of poems which he also carried with him. He was to be a great poet—no less! That was his 'manifest destiny.'

"Well, behind in those 'provinces' he had left a girl who loved him, to whom he had vowed eternal faithfulness, whom he believed he loved, a pretty, sensitive, clinging child to whom he was as a young god, and who had a confidence in his destiny only equalled by his own. It was agreed between them that all he had to do was to sell his poems, and then send her a railway ticket, on which she would travel to London, and next day they would get married. Blessed fairy-tale—and yet not such a children's dream, after all, for these young people were real fairy-tale people. They held the fairy-faith, and believed in the omnipotence of Youth and Love. All would have come true but for one fact, of which in the innocence of their hearts they knew nothing. Our young poet, however, was not to be long in London before he learnt it—fascinating and fatal learnings. . . ."

And then he broke off, and with the witchery of that night of smiling siren waters, whispering low beneath our keel, his fine voice blended a like witchery of siren words—and, as he recited, one had a vision of the whole cosmic scheme, as a garden of enchantment to try the soul of man:

"The rose and poppy are her flowers; for where
Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare?
Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.

"One could half believe," he said, looking over the side into the soft, heaving glimmer, "that this water is merely a woman in transformation. The to-and-fro of her bosom, the streaming of her hair, the shimmer of her eyes, the subtle swaying and changing of her, body and soul . . . even here in this loneliness the woman-soul of the universe undulates, and stretches out her arms, and tempts us to our doom. You have but to look at this water long enough to be in its arms, exactly the same as with a beautiful woman, exactly as it was with that beautiful woman of whom I have now to tell."

He paused to light a fresh cigar, and then continued.

II

"I HAD been in London scarcely a week, when a distinguished 'æsthete' who had taken my artistic education in charge took me to the private view of a club of young painters, whose work was startling the town. In those days 'new' movements had really some novelty about them, something to surprise, or at least amuse. Nowadays the only possible novelty left us is a humble return to the great masters and the eternal laws. These young painters were fashionable, and their private views were functions where one met everybody in London worth meeting, from the Prime Minister to the latest little comedienne of the Gaiety Theatre. There was a tremendous crowd, and my friend, who was one of the most distinguished figures there, introduced me, with one of his courtly compliments, to all whom he considered it good—or, as he laughed, 'bad'—for me to know. Fresh from the country as I was, with the dew, as it were, still on me, it was a somewhat dazzling and intoxicating experience, and, of course, a little bewildering at first. I felt a little lonely among all these brilliant, sophisticated 'personalities,' talking gaily and fantastically, all evidently well acquainted with one another, and I understanding but little of their artistic jargon. Nor did the odd paintings much appeal to me, whose innocence still regarded Sir Frederick Leighton as the master of beauty. Had I not given

my little sweetheart (how far away she seemed—like some flower in the meadows!) an etching of his 'Cassandra,' for her last 'sacred' birthday! God help all such young souls as mine was that day! . . ."

He paused a moment, then went on:

"But if I could make little out of the pictures, my eyes presently fell on an object which they found difficulty in leaving. Was it possible that there were women in the world so beautiful as that woman yonder, in the company of a distinguished little old lady who seemed to be made out of old lace. I nudged my friend, and motioned in her direction.

"'Ah!' he said, 'so soon your young eyes have found her! Shall I introduce you? Ought I? I confess I thought I had lost my conscience till this moment. Dear boy, ought I? Must I do it?'

"'You must,' I said; 'or I must introduce myself!'

"'What valiancy!' he laughed. 'But, no, I promised to be your guardian angel. Let me introduce you to this sweet little old lady instead. She is really far more beautiful, if it is beauty you are looking for. And she will do you much less harm.'

"But just then the lady who was not old turned in our direction, as if she had divined we were talking of her, and smiled at my friend—a smile that I felt, with an exquisite shiver, included me. That, of course, settled it, and presently my friend had brought me to her side and was saying in his elaborate, fanciful way:

"'Yes! I bring him to you, crowned with sacrificial garlands. I would ask mercy for him, did I not know too well that it is vain.' And casting a smile at me, as though to say, 'Poor lad!' he turned with his magnificent courtesy to the little old lady made out of old lace.

"As for me, I stood in a dream, looking into eyes of the deepest violet, and encompassed by an enchantment which breathed from her as perfume from a rose-garden, and swept me away like a whirlpool filled with stars. No woman I have ever known has so terribly concentrated the witchcraft of her sex. And her beauty was the more deadly because it was blended with a strangeness that made one afraid. Her hair was deep red, poppy-red, as though it had been dipped in blood, and her skin had the pallor and texture of tuberoses, while her large and wonderfully shaped mouth was red as a damask rose with the morning dew upon it. 'The rose and poppy are her flowers . . .' Yes, Rossetti knew.

"Her figure—well, look again at this water: see how delicate the lines of its flowing, but what an irresistible undulating force it suggests, like the heaving of a noble bosom, tender as a flower, mighty as a tidal wave. And, as in contrast with her blood-red hair and her vampire pallor, it was clothed with subtle simplicity in an artless-seeming silk gown of robin's-egg blue, suggesting ethereality, such as a seraph might wear. We looked at each other in silence, and she drew me down into her violet eyes, as this water might draw one down. And then she said:

"'You beautiful boy, you seem to have dropped from the stars!'

"To-day we may pass our sophisticated judgment on such a woman. But no judgment can do away with such enchantment. There was race and refinement all over her, too. An evil flower, if you like, but a flower come of long generations of the most exquisite woman-culture. And, romantic, passionate brains further magnetized the whole. I had nothing but my eyes to answer her with; and then, noticing that my friend, while talking to the little lady made of old lace, was covertly watching us with a rather sad, amused smile, she said, 'I must introduce you to my beautiful mother.' Then some gay, worldly talk intervened, in which I could take but a stammering part; but, before she and her mother turned to leave, she slipped a card into my hand, saying:

"'Will you come and take tea with us to-morrow?'

"'Indeed I will,' I answered, breathlessly, careless who should see how I

was lost in her eyes. And then she was gone; and my friend took me by the arm, with a gentle friendliness, as though he were sorry for me.

"'*La belle dame sans merci!*' he said, half to himself. And then he added, 'She is very beautiful, isn't she? But they you are very strong. Such women are not to love. They are but set in our path to try the temper of our souls.'

"Very much of this world was my friend, an 'exquisite' of many experiences, but he had the heart of a poet, and he had not forgotten his own youth. Yet he knew nothing of that little girl waiting faithfully for me down there in 'the provinces,' or the anguish of the ordeal that was before me. As I left the gallery I seemed to see her afar off, strangely robbed of the light I used to see her in, reft of magic, and piteously stretching out her hands to me; a forlorn, little, helpless figure, colourless and strangely prosaic; pathetically at my mercy.

"When I returned to my rooms, a letter from her was awaiting me. I had looked forward to it eagerly that morning. Now I put it aside unopened. It seemed somehow so pinched and small. And it came like a dreary little task between me and that ivory face with the blood-red hair, that body like a garden of spice—clad in ethereal blue. A poor little brown moth, it seemed, clinging to my coat. And O my great painted velvet wings! . . ."

III

"The Lady Lilith, as I shall call her, was an aristocratic actress of a type then rather thrillingly new, but since all too familiar in cheap copies. She, however, was one of the few original examples. Necessarily those have been few, for they were real aristocrats, and aristocrats are not made in a moment. Old romantic blood ran in her veins from Scotland and France—blood haunted by Mary Stuart and the Guises. It was natural that she should suggest poison and poetry, perfumes and lutes and the clash of swords; and that she could read Plato and Theocritus in Greek, and the old French of Villon and Ronsard. She lived in a spacious old house in Mayfair, on to which she had built a large studio; and, when the ivory-white street door, with a knocker of ancient bronze, opened for you, you passed up panelled staircases, through corridors and rooms that, according to her whim, translated you to Egypt and the Nile, to Versailles, to the age of Queen Anne, to Japan or to China. An atmosphere of learned luxury pervaded the whole place.

"As I raised the bronze knocker I repeated to myself the words of my friend: 'Such women are not to love. They are set in our path to try the temper of our souls'; for my night had been one of turmoil and torture between the hot, sweet glamour which she cast about me, and the white star of my little girl, and her simple lore and steadfast faith. And, with the strength of the morning, I had said to myself that the white star should conquer. Blessed, or cursed, with Puritan ancestors, I knew that both their strength and their weakness were in my blood; and I relied on their strength to pull me through a temptation which, however, Puritan-like, I had not the strength to forego; for the fire of the fiery furnace I was about to enter was perfumed fire, and, Puritan-like, I was willing to risk the flames for the perfume.

"I was taken to her where she sat in her studio, a great still tapestried room, furnished chiefly with books, bound in old gilded leather, or the yellow paper covers of France, a few exquisite rugs, and three or four pieces of ancient sculpture, striking notes of severity here and there. She was leaning over a heavy carved Spanish table, turning over some strange drawings in black and white, and she stretched out her left hand to me in a simple, friendly way, with a conventional: 'I am so glad you were able to come,' and invited me to look at the drawings with her. She still held my hand, while I stood by her side, as one stands by some flowering shrub, an orange-tree

in blossom, and as I looked over her lovely shoulder, my head grew dizzy with her fragrance. She was dressed in a simple gown of some frail white material, and at her throat, falling down to where I could see the rising slopes of her bosom, hung by a gold chain a large uncut turquoise.

"The drawings were by an artist then new to the world, drawings which at once fascinated and repelled by their blending of beauty and horror. I had nothing to say about them. I was too ignorant, or too innocent, as you will. Besides, I could think of nothing but her. And as she turned them over she said again, softly pressing my hand, 'I am so glad you were able to come.'

"'What else could I do?' I said. And then she raised her head and enfolded me with her violet eyes.

"'Suppose we have some tea!' she said. 'I am so sorry my mother cannot join us. She is not well to-day. Don't you think she is beautiful?'

"As she spoke she pressed an electric button on the table at her side, and presently a sedate footman appeared with our tea. As we drank it, her eyes roamed over her book-shelves.

"'I must show you some of my first editions,' she said—'for I know you of all people will appreciate them. Your friend was lunching with us to-day, and told me all about your poems. Have you brought some of them to read to me?'

"Strangely enough, I hadn't.

"'And he told me something else, too,' she said, smiling, and flooding me again with her violet eyes.

"'What did he tell you?' I asked.

"'He told me of your wonderful love.'

"I flushed crimson.

"'And you love her very much?'

"'I do,' I said.

"'And is she very beautiful?'

"'She is,' I said manfully.

"'You must tell me all about her. And O, you are going to be faithful to her, aren't you? To be faithful is the most wonderful thing in the world.'

"And she heaved a little sigh, and I hung down my head, and wondered.

"'But let us go over and look at my books . . .' and she rose, still holding my hand, and led me across towards the shelves at the far end of the room. Half kneeling, she tugged at a small, thick folio, bound in old leather, with silver clasps.

"'This is my old black-letter edition of Spenser's "Færie Queene"—the very copy Queen Elizabeth used to read out of. Think of that! Let us take it to the table.'

"I took it from her hands, and again she sat down, and I leaned over her shoulder as she turned the yellow old pages. And perhaps you can imagine what all this meant to me. A woman learned as she was beautiful, like the great ladies of old time, stored with all luxury of the brain as of the body. Nothing to teach her with an aching, lonely mind—ah! my little sweetheart, my humble little scholar, who knew nothing of all these things except through me!

"And, as though Lilith had read my thoughts—

"'How old is she?' she asked without looking up.

"'Nineteen,' I answered.

"'Dear children!' she sighed.

"Then, pushing the book aside.

"'And you love her very much?'

"'I do,' I said.

"'And nothing can make you forget her?' she said.

"'Nothing,' I answered, trying to steady my glance, as she enfolded me once more in her violet eyes.

"'Let us sit over here,' she said presently, 'and say to me one of your poems.'

"And she drew me to her side on a broad divan, over which hung a pre-Raphaelite painting of Paolo and Francesca.

"But I could remember none of my poems.

"'Never mind . . . let me look at you instead,' she said. 'Do you remember what I said to you at the gallery yesterday?'

"'How could I forget?' I answered, trembling with joy.

"'It was true. You will never write a poem as beautiful as yourself.'

"And as she said that she drew me to her, and wound her white arms round my neck, and brought her wonderful eyes close to mine, and whispered softly:

"'I love you!'

"And, next, that damask rose of her mouth was on mine, and the world began to vanish away; but, as her lips met mine, I saw a vision of a little girl stretching out her arms to me far away; and I made my lips firm to resist that terrible honeyed softness, and, gently, I pushed her from me. It seemed to me that not only my love, but the eternal future of my own soul, hung on my resistance to that moment. Then, with a sad little cry, she threw herself face down on the divan.

"'O I am wicked,' she said, 'forgive me, forgive me. You must go, you must not see me again.'

"But her hair had fallen about her neck, that wonderful blood-red hair, and what should a boy do but stroke it tenderly with his hand? And I laid my head next to hers, and begged her not to be unhappy, and my eyes fell involuntarily where the turquoise hung over the dizzy white slopes of her breast.

"'Oh, but I am wicked . . .' she repeated with something like a sob in her voice.

"'No, no!' I answered soothingly.

"'But I will not be any more. I will be your friend. Will you let me be that? I am older than you, and know the world. Let me be your friend, and help you to be true.'

"When I was once more outside the ivory door with the bronze knocker, I said to myself—dear innocent—'How good she is!—and oh, how beautiful!'

"And I felt strong and uplifted, too, for I had kept faith with my 'white star.'

"But what I saw all the way home, and all that night, and all the next day till I raised the knocker again in the afternoon, was the turquoise dizzily hanging over that sweet gulf of her bosom.

IV

As I raised the bronze knocker again, I lifted my eyes to my star—as it were, crossing myself. Yet to-day there was nothing to fear after the victory of yesterday. Besides, I had brought my poems with me. I would read them, and we would talk books. To my poems one had been added overnight, which I had vowed to myself I would not read.

"However, as you will scarcely be surprised to hear, almost the first thing I did, after greeting her, was to read that very poem. She was dressed just as she had been the day before. Did she realize that to see her twice in the same gown suggested a kind of romantic domesticity already between us? And to see her for the third time was to see her three times more beautiful.

"'And you wrote that exquisite thing for me?' she said. 'For *me!* How you crown me! How you enthrone me! When this poor body of mine is turned to dust this poem of yours shall shine and sing like a morning star above my grave. . . . But tell me, did you write to her last night?'

"'I did,' I said—and it was true, for out of the joy of my conquest I had sent my little girl the longest and prettiest love-letter I had ever written her.

"'Good boy!' said the Lady Lilith. 'We must not forget what we said yesterday. You shall be my troubadour—like it used to be in Provence—you remember. That will do her no wrong. Will it? And you shall be married in the private chapel in one of my castles in Spain. Wouldn't that be pretty? And when is that going to be, dear poet?' she added.

"'As soon as I sell my poems,' I answered.

"'Dear children!' she sighed.

"But, this time, she threw no white arms about me, and spared me the temptation of her violet eyes. And yes! I was disappointed, and hunger began to

grow in me for what I had vowed to resist.

"We sat silent a little while, side by side, and presently her hand stole into mine.

"'Come,' she said, 'I have another old book I want to share with you,' and she rose up from the divan, and drew me across the room to another corner of the shelves. And then I noticed that, artfully contrived, as in the old 'cabinets' of the Renaissance, there was a deep-set door, which, when closed, seemed a part of the book-shelves. But, it had been left ajar so that I could see into a room beyond, wherein stood a great canopied bed, with pillars of elaborately carved ebony.

"'My bower!' she laughed, first pushing to the book-shelfed door, and then drawing it open again. 'But I see you are interested in that old bed. It is a wonderful old "piece," as the collectors say. Come and see it. I bought it in Cordova—and it has quite a romantic history.'

"Then we went in, and stood by it. It was canopied with purple damask, and purple damask curtains were looped about its carven pillars with tasselled ropes of gilded cord. Blazoned on Cordovan leather above the snowy pillows were the royal arms of Spain.

"'A princess of Castile once slept in it, the story goes,' she said, 'slept in it, one night with her troubadour lover . . He was found in the moat next morning, with a jagged wound in his breast.

"'I have never dared to sleep in it,' she added, 'it seemed like a profanation.' And, taking my hand, she drew me out of the room; and we went and found the book she had spoken of, and sat down together with it, opening it across our knees.

"Then suddenly she leaned against me with a great sigh, and her hair fell over my face.

"'It is no use!' she cried.

"'And as I drew her to me, my hands seemed to be clasping wonderful, cool marble. She was like the Greek goddess glimmering at the far end of the room.

"And my soul answered to her with a glad and bitter cry—for a moment I saw those far-away arms stretched out to me, as in prayer—and then I was whirled away to where I had watched the turquoise trembling."

V

"My poems were sold more quickly than I had hoped, thanks to my influential friend, who had said to me, in his worldly wisdom: 'Such women are not to love. They are only sent to us to try the temper of our souls.' The day drew nearer when I was to send that railway-ticket to my little love so far away, the day when she was to come up to the town, and our two lives made one were to be lived together for ever side by side. And at last the day came.

"I leave you to imagine the turmoil, the blended joy and agony, of my heart in the interval. It was vain for my distinguished friend to say that Lilith was not a woman 'to love.' If it was not love—that glory we daily shared together—well, it was something more wonderful than 'love.' It was something 'beyond the world,' Paradisal, a rapture caught from wilder, sweeter stars than this placid star we call the earth. It was 'no use,' as Lilith had said, alas! it was 'no use!'

"The day came, and in a grey London twilight I waited at the railway terminus the arrival of the northern train. At last it came panting in, like a spent runner, gradually slowed down, stopped, throwing up plumes of steam, and the lonely gloom of the terminus began to fill with the commotion of alighting passengers and busy porters. And there, through the throng, eager and wistful came flying towards me the beloved little faithful shape. Impulsively she was in my arms, half crying for joy, pressed close against my lying breast.

"But, how pretty she was, after all! How brave, and gay—and O how

good she looked! And how smart she was, in her simple home-made frock. How good it was to see her after all—how strangely glad I was she had come! I had feared lest I should meet her like a frozen thing—but, instead, I kissed her as though I was never to kiss her again. But, as we sat in the cab together, and she talked out of the buoyant gladness of her heart, like an innocent bird, I thought my heart would break, and at last I could bear it no longer, but leaned my head on her shoulder and cried like a child.

"'Poor boy!' she said, like a mother, 'you have been so lonely, haven't you?'

"And I lied, and let her believe that that was the reason of my tears.

"But she had brought me a new happiness, after all—the old dreamed-of happiness made new, risen as it seemed to me, by miracle, from hopeless death. It was true, after all—my far-off, pure, shining star was a real and lovely star, after all, white and lovely in God's fair heaven. And it should never know anything of that other violet star that had threatened it these many honeyed weeks. Our innocent dream was to come true, after all, and she and I be one all our days to the end.

"As she drew my head down on her shoulder, she softly recited a verse that had been like a sacred liturgy to us. I was startled as I heard the hushed, lovely words—how basely I had forgotten that she, too, in her simple, but how much deeper, way loved all such lovely things:

"'*We two will stand beside that shrine,*
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayers sent up to God;
And see our prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.'"

VI

Hildreth stopped here, and did not resume for a long while. As he reached for a fresh cigar, I saw his tears glistening in the moonlight. For a long while he leaned over the side of the boat, watching the swirling water. Then he began again.

"My sister had been in town with me for a week or two, arranging our little house," he said; "she was at the door to greet us, and we went from room to room together—my poor child uttering little cries of joy. Here was her little boudoir, here was my study with the books already cozily on the shelves, here was our little guest-room and so on . . . all the dear dream-stuff of young hearts. How wonderful! How happy we were going to be! And she raised her pure eyes to mine, and her pure lips, and kissed me . . . and broke down crying with happiness in my arms.

"And for all the sin with which my body seemed to reek, the poison-honey with which I felt smeared from head to foot—and the wicked sweetness of which it seemed she must surely smell—I believed that happiness was surely to be ours. The wand of her purity had changed me back again to the lad that I felt had never ceased to be hers, and she—how could I have forgotten what a rare and lovely little being she was? And I had thought of her as a brown moth clinging to my sleeve! This young wise radiance, this fair white spirit that had come to give her life into my hands, like a boon from the sky.

"That night I marvelled, almost laughed, at the spell that had been upon me; though that very afternoon I had been lying in Lilith's arms. . . .

* * * * *

"We had arranged for our marriage, in a quaint old London church, on the second morning following. It was, of course, to be a simple little ceremony; but among our two or three friends that were to be present was my distinguished friend, who, with all his worldliness, retained an innocence in his heart that cherished our romance, and had genuinely grieved for his share in the enchantment which Lilith had cast over me. In his wisdom, however, he believed that that would pass, and

leave me the stronger for it. 'The white stars always win,' was one of his sayings."

Hildreth paused a moment, and again went on.

"But the white stars do not always win. The day before the day on which we were to marry, I told myself that it was best to see Lilith once more, and say good-bye to her for ever. Only so, I reasoned—reasoned, indeed!—should I be able to lay the ghost of our mad passion and keep it from haunting that fairer Eden on which I was about to enter. I told my little girl—my 'wife,' I called her as we said good-bye! Was she not to be that in very deed before the clock had twice struck twelve again?—I told her that my distinguished friend, who was to be my best man on the morrow, had arranged a little farewell bachelor supper for me that evening . . . Is there any forgiveness in all yonder galaxy of worlds for such a lie? And can I ever forget the sweet look in her eyes as she raised her face to mine, so young, so trustful, so pure, and kissed me good-bye, and told me not to mind if I were late? All the time in the world was to be ours together after to-morrow. . . . Like a criminal, I sped from her side into the darkness; but though her sweet eyes (that last look of hers that is with me for ever) went with me all the way, they could not save me—from that white gulf over which once more I found the turquoise dizzily hanging. The clock had but to strike twelve twice, I had said. As it struck twelve for the first time I unwound Lilith's blood-red hair from my throat—would that she had strangled me with it!—and with one long, unholy kiss I tore myself away, and sped back to where my white star was steadfastly shining.

"Softly I let myself in. The house was very quiet. But at the end of the little hall I could see the lamp shining through the half-open door of my study. I called out a tender word, as I threw down my coat and hat. But there came no answer.

"'She must be asleep,' I said; and walked towards the lit room on tip-toe, meaning to awaken her with a kiss. She was half-sitting, half-lying, with her face buried in a corner of the divan; the beautiful contour of her cheek caught the lamp-light, her long silken hair falling in pretty disorder over her shoulders. On her knee was an open letter, and two or three other letters lay scattered on the floor at her feet. In a terrible flash, I realized whose letters they were. They were letters from Lilith I had thrust hurriedly between the pages of a book and forgotten. The book lay there, too, on the floor.

"I stood transfixed with horror. With dry throat I called to the little sleeping figure. But she never answered or moved. 'She cannot speak,' I said to myself. 'I have broken her heart. . . .'

"I had.

"My little white star was dead."

VII

After Hildreth ended we sat long and long, while the moon went on rising, flooding the coral deeps under our keel with its ghostly radiance. At last I broke the silence.

"Did you ever see Lilith again?" I asked.

Hildreth did not answer for a long time. Then he said, with something like a shudder, as he threw his cigar end into the path of the moon—

"Yes! I saw her again. . . ."

UNHOODWINKABLE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Pierre Wolff

Translated from the French by Barrett H. Clark

SCENE: Paris.
TIME: The other day.
THE PEOPLE:
SUZANNE.
HENRI.
ANNA.

(*As the curtain rises, Anna is seated at a small desk, writing. Suzanne, standing behind her, watches her closely.*)

SUZANNE

(*After a pause*). Hurry up, hurry up. It's a quarter to three! He may be here at any moment! It oughtn't to be very hard to copy a letter! If you were writing expenses you'd do it quickly encugh! (*Anna is about to speak*). Hush, don't say anything! (*Another pause*). What are you doing? *Two* thousand, that's it! There. That's plain enough, isn't it? There, "A nice kiss for you." Below—that's it. Good. Let's see, now. (*She takes the letter and reads it.*) "My dearest: You have far too good taste for me to endeavour to outdo you. Here are two thousand francs—a mere pittance!—with which to buy some trifle for yourself. I think of you and of you only; I love you and am devoted to you. A nice kiss"—That's all right. Now for the name. What name can I sign? Something that sounds well and rolls off the tongue—Give me the railway guide. (*She looks through the pages of the guide, which Anna hands to her.*) Namur—Dinant—Dinant? No. Hirson—Thionville. That's it. Write "Jules Thionville." T-h-i-o-n-v-i-l-l-e. Blot it now and write on the envelope: "Madame Suzanne Débienne." (*She opens a drawer in the desk.*) Luckily I've had no bills to pay lately. (*She takes two thousand franc notes and puts them into the envelope.*) Now, pay strict attention to me. After Monsieur Henri comes, you come in and bring me this letter, on a salver. I shall ask you whether there is an answer, and you say: "No, Madame." Understand? I ring—

ANNA

And I bring the letter.

SUZANNE

On a salver, and I ask you—

ANNA

Whether there's an answer.

SUZANNE

And you reply—

ANNA

"No, Madame."

SUZANNE

That's right. For once, you are not impossibly stupid. (*A bell rings.*) We weren't ready an instant too soon. Hand me a book—any one. Thanks. Now, hide the letter, and open the door.

(*Anna goes out, and Suzanne sits down, pretends to be reading, and composes herself.*)

(*Enter Henri.*)

HENRI

How are you?

SUZANNE

(*Coldly.*) How are you?

HENRI

I'm not intruding?

SUZANNE

Not in the least.

HENRI

May I speak to you?

SUZANNE

One moment. I'm just finishing a chapter, and then I'll be ready.

HENRI

Is the book so interesting?

SUZANNE

Very.

HENRI

Then I'll read it with you.

SUZANNE

It's worth your while.

HENRI

What is it?

SUZANNE

"A Fool!"

(*A pause.*)

HENRI

The first leaves are not even cut.

SUZANNE

Do you object?

HENRI

Oh, no.

SUZANNE

That's good.

HENRI

I must say, your system of reading—

SUZANNE

Is my own affair.

HENRI

Of course.

SUZANNE

Well, then?

(*A pause.*)

HENRI

(*Aside.*) This is unendurable!

SUZANNE

(*Her eyes on the book.*) Charming! (*She closes the book.*) Now, what can I do for you? You asked for a few seconds. I'm listening.

HENRI

My dearest, my dearest—

SUZANNE

Go on, go on, you were in such a hurry a moment ago! And now you stand there without a word to say! What is it? What have you to say to me? Yes, yes, your tie is very pretty! That's right, put your hand up to it in order to attract my attention! You haven't seen me for four days, and see how ridiculously you've rigged yourself up! You haven't come to talk about dress, have you? If you wore a helmet on your head and sandals on your feet, I wouldn't care a snap of my finger. So you needn't try to change the subject. I'm very busy, but sit down, and don't twirl your moustache and swing your cane. (*He stops swinging his cane at once.*) I don't like it. Now, for the love of Heaven, come to the point. Come to the point! This is my last request, and I hope you'll have the common decency to comply with it! You accept, then? I'm truly astonished. With you, it's necessary to make conditions in advance. Yes, yes, my dear, don't deny it. I have spent two years of my life with you, and I flatter myself that I know your character. And, mark you, I don't accuse you—you're foolish enough, I know, to think that I am going to make a scene: our last. Well, I'm not. I regret nothing: it is a rule with me not to regret my idiotic mistakes. And now, if you will be so

obliging as to tell me what brings you here, I shall be delighted. At the rate this conversation is going, you may take months to end it.

HENRI

My dear Suzanne, I come animated by—

SUZANNE

Yes, yes, by all means, animate yourself!

HENRI

By the liveliest sentiments of esteem toward you.

SUZANNE

Well?

HENRI

I think that's not so bad.

SUZANNE

(*Laughing.*) What a necktie!—Well?

HENRI

I want—or rather—I should like us to part good friends, comrades. So that if we should meet elsewhere at any time, we should be able to shake hands as—friends.

SUZANNE

I'll be glad to shake hands with you.

HENRI

Good.

SUZANNE

And do you know why?

HENRI

After love comes affection.

SUZANNE

Sit down.

HENRI

Thank you.

SUZANNE

You're wrong, my dear.

HENRI

Yes?

SUZANNE

Yes, you always were.

HENRI

Always were?

SUZANNE

We must *glide*.

HENRI

Glide, how do you mean? What do you mean?

SUZANNE

Nothing. There is only one man to whom a woman never says "How do you do?" when she meets him.

HENRI

Her creditor!

SUZANNE

No: the man she has truly loved.

HENRI

Well?

SUZANNE

Well, my dear, you needn't worry; you'll have your way: I'll be glad to shake hands with you whenever I meet you.

HENRI

Very clever.

SUZANNE

Clever? You think so? No, it is sincere.

HENRI

So much the better. It's very—disagreeable to say good-bye to a woman.

SUZANNE

Who smiles, my dear Henri! And yet—why shouldn't I be frank?—I missed you during the past two days.

HENRI

(*Delighted.*) You did?

SUZANNE

You know, you used to play the piano for me every evening: the same piece—

HENRI

Oh, it was the music?

SUZANNE

Of course. That was the only pleasant hour during the whole day. Remember? We didn't talk—it was lovely!

HENRI

Oh, someone else will play for you!

SUZANNE

Oh, no, indeed, he will not. And now, one last favour: will you please ring? Much to my regret, I shall have to send you off. (*He rings.*) Thank you. (*Enter Anna with the letter on a salver.*) Is there any answer?

ANNA

No, Madame.

SUZANNE

Get out an evening dress for me and telephone Etienne to come and marcel me at once. (*Anna goes out.*) Will you excuse me?

HENRI

I beg you—

SUZANNE

(*Opening the envelope, and dropping the bank-notes on the floor. These she hastily picks up.*) Oh! (*She reads the letter, then puts it and the notes into her pocket.*) You were saying—?

HENRI

Who sent you that?

SUZANNE

I beg pardon?

HENRI

Who sent you that?

SUZANNE

Are you in earnest?

HENRI

Quite.

SUZANNE

I think you're out of your mind. What right have you to question me? I knew you could behave badly on occasion, but I never thought you stupid. "Who sent that?" Then you lied to me?

HENRI

In what way?

SUZANNE

The day you told me your family had spent unheard-of wealth to give you a perfect education. "Who sent you that?" No, no, really, you're only joking!

HENRI

I am not joking.

SUZANNE

Then you *are* in earnest?

HENRI

Very much in earnest. I insist on knowing.

SUZANNE

How funny!

HENRI

There is nothing funny about it.

SUZANNE

You don't understand; you didn't let me finish. I meant, how funny it is to see how ridiculous a man can be.

HENRI

Perhaps. Meanwhile—

SUZANNE

Meanwhile, I've had enough of this! That's clear enough, isn't it?

HENRI

Show me that letter!

SUZANNE

How foolish men are!

HENRI

You don't imagine for a single instant that *you* appear especially intelligent, do you?

SUZANNE

I have no reason for trying to appear intelligent with you. I'm sparing of my intellect, and I'm discreet.

HENRI

You don't have to be with me.

SUZANNE

Really? But don't you see, you are nothing to me any longer. You seem to have forgotten that.

HENRI

I am nothing to you—nothing?

SUZANNE

Nothing at all, and that means Nothing! You insisted on it and we've broken off. A servant who leaves his position is not in the habit of returning four days later to see whether the household is still running without him. Be good enough to emulate the servant.

HENRI

(*Angrily.*) To begin with, I am not your servant!

SUZANNE

That's true, I'll give you credit for that. Now, please, please be good enough to take your hat and stick and go. There.

HENRI

(*Starts to go, but returns.*) Suzanne!

SUZANNE

Are you still here?

HENRI

Suzette!

SUZANNE

Very well, what is it?

HENRI

I love you!

SUZANNE

What of it?

HENRI

What of it? Nothing. I love you.

SUZANNE

What is that to me?

HENRI

(*Trying to kiss her.*) If you could only know—!

SUZANNE

Stop it! Please! No, not that! I don't like it at all!

HENRI

Oh!

SUZANNE

You see, I am very frank.

HENRI

You are, indeed!

SUZANNE

If you wish to stay for a few moments longer, stay, but let us talk quietly, like two good fellows.

HENRI

I am not a "good fellow,"—I'll break his face!

SUZANNE

Whose face?

HENRI

I know whose face.

SUZANNE

(*Laughing.*) It's always like that.

HENRI

Don't rub me the wrong way! Don't smile.

SUZANNE

Very well, I'll think of something sad. You know the concierge's little humming-bird? It's dead.

HENRI

Show me that letter!

SUZANNE

It's from Aline Degorge; she's sending me a hundred louis she owed me.

HENRI

That's not true.

SUZANNE

Very well, then.

HENRI

My dearest, my Suzanne, my Suzon, my Suzette, you know I love you!

SUZANNE

The little humming-bird—

HENRI

I adore you!

SUZANNE

—is dead.

HENRI

I can't bear to leave you! No, I can't! I never really and seriously thought of it. Tell me, won't you—continue.

SUZANNE

Continue? You're absolutely absurd, my dear!

HENRI

And did you believe—you did believe—! Don't deny that you didn't believe—you *did* believe!

SUZANNE

(*Impatiently.*) What did I believe?

HENRI

That I had the courage to leave you?

SUZANNE

How absurd!

HENRI

And even when I think that you deceived me—and so soon!

SUZANNE

As a matter of fact, I did not deceive you. There, does that satisfy you?

HENRI

But that letter—?

SUZANNE

What about that letter?

HENRI

And the money?

SUZANNE

Take care! Don't be vulgar!

HENRI

You don't understand me. Oh, show it to me!

SUZANNE

Dear me! Take it, read it, and leave me in peace!

(*Giving him the letter.*)

HENRI

What style! Some cook, I daresay!

SUZANNE

Try not to be insulting, if you please!

HENRI

Oh, oh!

SUZANNE

Now what's the matter?

HENRI

Jules Thionville!

SUZANNE

Well?

HENRI

A nasty fellow.

SUZANNE

A nasty fellow! Do you know him?

HENRI

I should say I do know him!

SUZANNE

(*Taken aback.*) This—this is absurd!

HENRI

Why?

SUZANNE

(*Flustered.*) I don't know.

HENRI

At least, by sight. Rather tall, isn't he?

SUZANNE

Yes—no. I don't know.

HENRI

You don't know! Tall—strong—red moustaches?

SUZANNE

No—Yes—yes—

HENRI

With an idiotic look—

SUZANNE

I don't think so.

HENRI

Has a fondness for the ladies—

SUZANNE

Like all men.

HENRI

The next time I meet him, I'll have two words to say to him—

SUZANNE

One for each thousand-franc note.

HENRI

You will now be good enough to return them, and at once.

SUZANNE

You are most generous with other people's money.

HENRI

Here are two more.

SUZANNE

I'll take them, too.

HENRI

So kind! Now, his address?

SUZANNE

What?

HENRI

I ask you for his address.

SUZANNE

How do I know it?

HENRI

Now, now, Suzon, please let us stop this ridiculous nonsense.

SUZANNE

But, I swear—

HENRI

You won't tell me?

SUZANNE

I declare, I—

HENRI

Very well.

(*He rings.*)

SUZANNE

What are you doing?

HENRI

You'll see. (*To Anna, who enters.*) Hurry and bring the directory.

ANNA

Hurry?

HENRI

Bring the directory, and hurry—if you prefer.

ANNA

Oh.

(*She goes out.*)

SUZANNE

Is he in the directory?

HENRI

(*As Anna returns with the directory.*) Of course he is. You don't imagine that only decent people are included! (*To Anna.*) Thank you.

(*Anna goes out.*)

SUZANNE

(*Aside.*) I never thought of that!

HENRI

Thionville—T—T. Ah! "Jules Thionville, 7 rue du Colisée." Its just around the corner!

SUZANNE

Does he live at 7 rue du Colisée?

HENRI

You needn't pretend to be so surprised! I'm telling you the truth. It's not funny.

SUZANNE

No, it is not.

HENRI

Now, sit down there and write: "Monsieur—"

SUZANNE

Never! I shouldn't think of it!

HENRI

Glide, as you told me to do. Give me his two thousand francs.

SUZANNE

What are you going to do with them?

HENRI

Give them to me!

SUZANNE

Very well, but you must give them back. They're mine, you know.

HENRI

Yours? Ha, they were!

SUZANNE

What are you doing?

HENRI

Without a single word, then! Like this, in an envelope with your card. He will understand.

SUZANNE

No, no. You mustn't do that?

HENRI

Then you don't love me?

SUZANNE

Yes, yes, I love you, but I don't admit—

HENRI

Good! Here are two other notes. Are you satisfied now?

SUZANNE

(*After taking the money.*) If you think for one moment that money gives happiness—

HENRI

Anna is going to take the envelope—

SUZANNE

Henri, this is hurting me.

HENRI

How is that?

SUZANNE

I'm deeply grieved. Some things are simply *not done!* You are impossible.

HENRI

Nonsense. (*He rings, and Anna enters.*) Anna, I want you to—(*To Suzanne.*) Turn around, and don't look at Anna.

SUZANNE

Why?

HENRI

I have a very good reason.

SUZANNE

(*Aside.*) Heavens, what will the unknown say?

HENRI

And then you go to his apartment—

SUZANNE

(*Aside.*) What if he should keep the money?

HENRI

And you say "There is no answer." Now, go. (*Anna goes out.*) Come and kiss me.

SUZANNE

Let me be! You're ridiculous!

HENRI

Were you so anxious?

SUZANNE

Indeed I was, or rather I wasn't. I don't know what!

HENRI

The railway-guide! I see now! (*He opens it.*) You were going away, that's it!

SUZANNE

Naughty boy! You can see through anything. I can't hide the tiniest secret from you!

HENRI

You can't hoodwink me, that's certain.

SUZANNE

You're *unhoodwinkable.*

HENRI

Now I must go and dress. I'll be back in an hour for you. We'll have dinner in some nice quiet restaurant. Ha, what do you think of that?

SUZANNE

What a gay time we'll have!

HENRI

It will remind us of the good old days. Good-bye, Suzette.

SUZANNE

Good-bye for the present.

HENRI

Do you love me?

SUZANNE

I love you.

HENRI

Say it—better still.

SUZANNE

I love you, dear.

HENRI

That's not quite it, but before long—! (*He starts to go, but returns.*) One word more: you love me?

SUZANNE

No! Now go.

HENRI

I'm off. See you soon.
(*He goes out.*)

(*Enter Anna.*)

SUZANNE

Anna, Anna!

ANNA

Madame?

SUZANNE

Did you go there? Rue du Colisée?

ANNA

Yes, Madame.

SUZANNE

Well?

ANNA

Well, nothing, Madame.

SUZANNE

Was the gentleman at home?

ANNA

Yes, Madame.
(*The bell rings.*)

SUZANNE

Go and see—. (*Anna goes out.*) At last! Well, he's not going to leave me. There's that much saved.
(*Anna returns.*)

ANNA

Madame, it's that gentleman.

SUZANNE

What gentleman?

ANNA

Monsieur Jules Thionville.

SUZANNE

No! Is he good-looking?

ANNA

Very, Madame.

SUZANNE

It *would* be funny if—! How do I look?

ANNA

Madame's colour is perfect.

SUZANNE

Then ask him to come in.

ANNA

(*At the door.*) Will Monsieur be good enough to come in?

CURTAIN.

EVERY morning a man arises marvelling that he was still so young yesterday; every evening a woman goes to bed lamenting that she will be so old to-morrow.

THE good opinion a woman has of her first husband is in direct proportion to to the number of his successors.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LÉANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

1. Life is like a painting. Fate composes the scene and masses the grouping. But ours alone is the power to diffuse the whole dismal canvas with the elusive silver lights of dreams, or drown it in the dullness of a muggy atmosphere.

2. Individuality is like beauty, only skin-deep. Draw blood, and you will find the primitive elemental sameness of every Adam and Eve.

3. The distressing fact about men is that they always are either too much or too little aware of the fact that we are women.

4. You must be strong, if you would allow yourself a weakness.

5. Be humble, learn from the oyster —to change your suffering into a pearl.

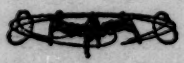
6. Sex is the wine at the feast of life —not the feast itself.

7. Some people think they are cultured when they are merely denatured.

8. Every woman is in love with her sorrow. She knows instinctively that, without it, she never would know the passionate depths of her heart, nor the blazing heights of her devotion. And, after all, life has no greater adventure to offer than the one of finding out one's self.

9. While you are conscious of the big, magnificently balanced masses of eternal truths you must not overlook the little elusive flitting half-tones of passing incident.

10. Is there anything in life more wonderful than sleep? To fall asleep —to let go, one by one, the sorry privileges of consciousness, reason, will-power — luxuriously to drift further and further into the darkly shimmering ocean of dreams—and finally to melt away in it, become one with its mysterious vastness! If there is anything more wonderful . . . it must be death.



WOMEN, too, are soldiers. Wrinkles are the trenches in which they die magnificently.

MARRIAGE: Dante's "Inferno," with a frontispiece by Harrison Fisher.

THERE are men; there is woman.

THE HOME-MADE LOVER

By Laura Kent Mason

I

MARIAN BORDEN stepped out of the elevator in front of her husband's office, and from force of habit, like most women before any closed door they are about to enter, took a small chased puff-box out of her purse, examined her face in the tiny convex mirror, powdered her nose, tilted her hat a quarter of an inch, and pushed back a strayed hair. Armoured, she opened the office door.

She was quite nervous about the visit. It was really important to her. She felt that she must accomplish something. A dozen times during the past month she had come to the office in the same frame of mind, entering with a nervous, expectant fear, leaving after a few minutes of meaningless chatter. Things couldn't go on this way. Something had to be done about it.

Each time Marian opened the office door she felt that she would find new evidence for her suspicions, though mere doubt had long since given way to fairly well-founded certainty. Yet, when she opened the door she found always the same thing, the comfortable reception room, the girl at the switchboard. Marian would pass through, hurriedly, without waiting to be announced, though she knew that her husband preferred each visitor to be heralded.

Opening the door to his private office she would find Frances Gray, Leonard Borden's secretary, busy over her typewriter or seated at the long table in the centre of the room, with books spread in front of her, busy pencilling notes or taking dictation from Leonard. And Leonard himself was always in just as irreproachable an attitude. If only she could catch them at something just bordering on the questionable—if only there were some wedge for a discussion!

It seemed so stupidly unpleasant, disagreeably unreal, soiling, humiliating, to think that, after seventeen years of being entirely married Leonard Borden should become entangled, even in a slight degree. His secretary, too! That seemed to add such a commonplace turn to the affair. It was so easy to become interested in one's secretary—the same business interests, always something vital to talk about. And, if the secretary were good-looking. . . .

Marian Borden had to confess to herself that Frances Gray's looks were quite disturbing. Of course she, herself, wasn't exactly homely, even now. But at forty-one, one is likely to show signs of approaching age. And Leonard saw her in the morning, before she had had time to dress her hair or massage her face. She had taken to wearing attractive boudoir caps lately, and daintier dressing-gowns, but at forty-one it isn't easy to get rid of every sign of ugliness in the morning and Leonard didn't like eating breakfast alone. And Leonard saw her at night, after she had applied cold cream and after a dance or a theatre party, when every little line and crow's foot sprang into prominence.

Marian knew that while she was good-looking in a comfortable way, smooth of hair and skin, still retaining the good lines that a clever corsetiere and modiste can always accomplish, she had lost youth's attractions. She couldn't blame Leonard—for Frances Gray was actually—young.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LÉANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

1. Life is like a painting. Fate composes the scene and masses the grouping. But ours alone is the power to diffuse the whole dismal canvas with the elusive silver lights of dreams, or drown it in the dullness of a muggy atmosphere.

2. Individuality is like beauty, only skin-deep. Draw blood, and you will find the primitive elemental sameness of every Adam and Eve.

3. The distressing fact about men is that they always are either too much or too little aware of the fact that we are women.

4. You must be strong, if you would allow yourself a weakness.

5. Be humble, learn from the oyster —to change your suffering into a pearl.

6. Sex is the wine at the feast of life —not the feast itself.

7. Some people think they are cultured when they are merely denatured.

8. Every woman is in love with her sorrow. She knows instinctively that, without it, she never would know the passionate depths of her heart, nor the blazing heights of her devotion. And, after all, life has no greater adventure to offer than the one of finding out one's self.

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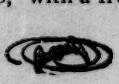

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Frances Gray couldn't be more than twenty-two or so, a slender, crisp twenty-two, with light waving hair. She wore smart blouses or dark tailored frocks, with a bit of white at the throat. Frances Gray was so young she didn't have to think of eight hours' sleep at night, circles under her eyes, wrinkles, rouge. She was still young enough to look well unpowdered. It seemed unbelievable that anyone could be as young as that.

It had been Marian's luck that Frances Gray should be Leonard's secretary. Before this he had never looked at his secretaries. Marian knew that, as a rule, he didn't care about women. He hardly ever noticed them. He chatted in an impersonal, married way with their mutual friends. He even gave heavy compliments, occasionally. He had taken Mrs. Selby, a fascinating Boston widow, to tea at the Plaza several times, and Marian had smiled, quite pleased, as if a little boy had done a clever, original trick. But this was different.

The knowledge that Leonard was interested in Frances Gray had seeped to her, at first without her realizing it. He had taken her to lunch a number of times. That could be overlooked; he had lunched with other women. He had taken her to dinner, at first on nights when he had had to return to the office. That was understandable. But lately had come more meetings; he had been seeing the girl in the evenings, too, and the other intimacies had multiplied. There had been numerous ways of finding out—though, of course, Marian had pretended that she did not know or care.

She knew that she did care. She had long since got over her first rather intense loving of Leonard Borden. But she had drifted into a pleasant, motherly friendship. She liked the luxuries and comforts that married life gave her. She didn't want to be divorced, going places unescorted or staying at home alone. She didn't care for anyone else and she knew that the men she met or was likely to meet would not exert themselves to make her life enjoyable. If she lost Leonard she would be quite unhappy. If she could get him away from Frances Gray it would be easy enough—a less attractive secretary, a little closer watch over him—he wasn't the wandering kind. And Frances Gray, it wouldn't make any real difference to her, she was so young. It was just the romantic thing to do—there could be dozens of other men for her if Leonard disappeared—but why even consider her. . . ?

Marian had thought it all out, carefully. She had tried to find a solution. She had been clever enough not to speak to Leonard about it—he would have thought her jealous, stupid—and become more infatuated. She couldn't make him jealous, she knew that. Yet home was pleasant to him—he'd be satisfied if he came back. And Frances Gray—you can't go to a girl like that and demand your husband—when one is romantic and twenty-two one would delight in any definite action.

There must be another way, a bit less dramatic than the usual story-book solution, something calm, even stupid, some simple thing—Marian had spent several weeks over it. She wasn't awfully clever—she knew that. And there was no one she could turn to. Now she was hoping that something would happen when she opened the office door.

II

As she opened the door the telephone girl, elaborately coiffured, sat, as usual, at the switchboard. Marian nodded and smiled and hurried to the door marked *Leonard Borden*. She opened it quickly, before the telephone girl could have time to get Leonard on the wire. But there was no need for haste. Leonard was not in. His desk yawned vacantly. The Gray girl, in an immaculate white shirtwaist, her light hair gleaming crisply, sat at her typewriter.

"How do you do," said Marian with her friendliest smile. "All alone, I see."

"Yes," Frances Gray smiled, too

"Mr. Borden left about an hour ago. I don't think he'll be back right away. In half an hour, perhaps—"

"I think I'll wait," said Marian. "I've a lot of data to arrange for my club committee. I won't be in the way if I do it here?"

"Not at all." Frances Gray rearranged the table in the centre of the office, pushing the accumulation of books and magazines to one side, clearing half of it.

"This will serve splendidly," said Marian.

After all, the committee data was real enough. She might as well do it here. She took a bundle of notes from her purse and spread them out before her. She got some large sheets of paper and a pencil from her husband's desk and was soon busy, seated at the big table.

"May I help you?" Frances Gray asked.

"No, thank you, I don't need help at all. It's just tiresome—social investigation stuff. You know—all about the dangers of the city and the temptations of the poor working girl—that sort of thing—awful. You ought to be glad you don't come into contact with anythink like that, here."

"I am," said Frances Gray.

"You really don't know how lucky you are. Some of the things I've seen! Of course it's been among a different class and all that. A girl with your brains—but still, sometimes the employer is to blame, in a way. Of course, in Mr. Borden's office conditions are so different. Mr. Borden is so particular. One is so absolutely safe with him—"

"Of course," said Frances Gray.

"It would be a good thing if more men were like him," Marian wrote a column of figures as she spoke, "still, it would take some of the excitement of life away, I guess, if all men were as, well—as safe as Mr. Borden. Though he's a splendid man—but of course you know that, from what you've seen of him."

"Indeed I do," said Frances Gray.

"Yes, I know how good he is," Marian went on, "I'm awfully glad of it. He's always telling me of innovations he's making for the comfort of his employees. He's an ideal employer and, of course, that's the main thing, here. All men have their drawbacks, I suppose. A man can't be perfect in everything. I—I wonder if I can give you some advice, Miss Gray? I'm so much older than you are, but, if I were a young girl—"

"I'll be quite glad to have it," and Frances Gray stiffened perceptibly.

Marian continued, perhaps she didn't notice the girl's coolness.

"I feel almost—well—motherly, to you, seeing you so often. You're so much younger than Mr. Borden and I. I know you'll take this in the right way. And I don't mean to reflect on Mr. Borden a bit—he's a wonderful man in his way. But, Miss Gray, when you do pick out a husband, don't take a—well, an untrained one."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"That's just it—it's so hard to explain, but I've learned so much by myself and if one person can be guided by the experiences of another, maybe I can help you just a little, save you a lot of annoyance and boredom. Now to look at Mr. Borden you'd never guess. He looks quite finished, a man of the world, doesn't he? As far as appearances go, if I do say it, I've made a good job of it. But the work? That's what I'd like to spare you. For, no matter how hard you try, the result is bound to be monotonous, for in the end the man only knows what you've taught him. You see, Mr. Borden is really a sort of, well—a home-trained lover. He does very well for me. And I can feel perfectly sure of him most of the time—but life does lack variety.

"An outsider never would notice. Now to you, I'd wager that Mr. Borden seems quite all right in little things. He usually strikes a person that way. I'm glad to say. But it was rather difficult for me.

"I don't mean to imply anything the least bit disagreeable about Mr. Borden. I'm sure you know me well enough for that. As far as husbands go. In many

ways he is simply wonderful. He's such a home body for one thing. Four or five evenings every week he's at home. I wish he'd go out more. But right after dinner he gets into his old smoking jacket and his bedroom slippers—he's having trouble with one of his feet, perhaps you've noticed he sometimes limps a little—it may be rheumatism or gout, though I'm a little afraid it's an ingrowing toe-nail and they're so painful. And he sits and reads until about nine or ten and then goes to bed. We are both getting at the age when we go to bed early, I guess, though he's always been the domestic, early-to-bed type. It's just as well, I'm sure. And he's so good about taking care of the furnace and even the bird cage.

"I wonder if Mr. Borden ever told you about his bird? No? It's a little yellow canary. Of course we women know that canaries are silly, but a domestic man like Mr. Borden—he lets it hop on his finger and whistles to it and I believe he really enjoys cleaning the cage—he gets angry if the maid does it.

"I don't blame you for looking a bit disgusted. That's what I mean when I say if you're searching for romance, don't marry a man like Mr. Borden unless you want to get your romance on the outside, and of course, you wouldn't want that. I don't blame you.

"That's why I call Mr. Borden, to myself, a home-made lover. You see, I was twenty-three when I met him and, of course, I'd gone out quite a lot—beaux and parties and things like that. Mr. Borden had just come from a little Iowa farm and I was his first sweetheart. He was really an awfully nice boy, unused to city ways, but so good-looking and trusting. He still has his good looks, I'm glad to say. I was the first girl he had ever courted. He had never even kissed a girl. We were just about the same age, but I'd been engaged a couple of times.

"I thought it was rather pleasant, going with a young man who had never been kissed. So he's really home-trained. You see what I mean. I taught him every bit of his love-making. I'm afraid I didn't do a very good job of it. Still, I suppose I've got to be satisfied, but that's why I'm giving you advice."

Marian rearranged her papers, tore up one or two, added a few more figures.

"Yes, when you pick out a husband, don't choose a home-made one—you know what I mean—; you'd get awfully tired, just of little things. I know all of Mr. Borden's ways so well. Not a single surprise. Kisses, for example. Before he kisses me he always wipes his mouth with his hand or his handkerchief, puts out both of his arms and says, 'My dear dear.' He kisses a couple of times, always in little groups, and then says 'My dear dear' again, or 'Honey.' He never varies—always kisses in little groups and says things like that, in between. And, afterwards, he gives a little pat-pat on the shoulder. I don't know why he can't add more variety. I guess I must have been an awfully poor teacher.

"Outside of plain kisses, Mr. Borden has so few variations. He kisses the back of my neck, sometimes, but not especially well. Then he has an eye kiss he is fond of. He never does it without warning. He'll always say the same thing—'close the pretty eyes, dear'—and then gives each eye one kiss, the left one first, then the right one. I wish he'd vary things a little or learn more, but those three kisses are all I've ever been able to teach him. He never seemed to be able to hold hands nicely. It takes more than one teacher for that, I guess.

"Don't think I'm complaining. Mr. Borden is perfectly satisfactory as a husband, in so many ways, and I'm used to him. He's getting bald and snores quite loudly, here lately—I'm afraid he ought to see the doctor about his nose—but I guess I'm developing a lot of middle-aged faults, too.

"Well, well, I've gone on and on about my husband. It must have been an awful bore, Miss Gray. I really do mean it for the best, though. Take my

advice, my dear, and when you marry, don't train a man yourself or get one who has had only limited amateur training. A man with expert training is bound to make life more interesting."

Marian rearranged her papers.

"I don't think I'll wait for Mr. Borden, after all," she said. "When I'm here I just talk and talk and take up your time. You'll tell Mr. Borden I've been here, won't you? No messages at all—tell him I just dropped in to say hello." Marian laughed playfully. "But you remember my advice. It may save you from being bored an awful lot."

She put her papers into a neat little bundle and crammed them back into her purse. She took out the tiny puff-box, as women always do, just before they are going out, powdered her nose, tilted her hat perhaps a quarter on an inch, pushed into places a strayed hair and nodded a bright good-bye.

Waiting for the elevator, Marian breathed a deep sigh of accomplishment. It might take a week to be really sure—still, she knew Leonard and she knew girls of twenty-two—it looked as if things would work out all right, after all. She hurried into the elevator as it stopped for her. She had a lot of shopping to do.

Frances Gray continued clicking out letters. About half an hour later Leonard Borden hurried into his office. He was a fine looking man, a bit heavy, his hair a trifle thin on top. He had a distinguished, worldly air.

He closed the door behind him and came towards Frances Gray, rubbing his hands, the weather was turning cold. He rubbed one hand across his mouth, put out both of his arms.

"My dear dear," he said.

Frances Gray smiled faintly and quite gently pushed by him and went out of the door nearest to where her coat and hat hung.

She threw him a smile as she closed the door.

"Good-bye, home-made lover," she said.

LA DAME AUX YEUX JAUNES

By Tom Ransford

SHE is girlish, charming, almost shy.

Her skin is smooth, honey-coloured, with a wild-rose flush. And her hair bronzed, vital, luxurious.

Still, she is not young.

The expectancy of youth has gone out of her eyes.

Those are humid, luminous eyes. But their lids are a bit heavy. Their smile is a bit weary. They are eyes that say: "Il faut tout aimer pour tout comprendre—et tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner. . . ."

Eyes that have loved and forgiven too much.

ASPIRATION

By Mary Andrews

SHE shot herself because she could not attain her aspiration.

* * * * *

She was a famous prima donna.

Her clear, sweet notes rivalled the song of a bird.

Men of all nations paid her homage.

Once a king placed a jewel from his crown in her hand.

Women copied her mannerisms and her coiffure, and because a horned grebe was her pet they wore little gold grebes hanging from chains about their necks.

No one in the world could rival her voice.

* * * * *

She shot herself because she could not attain her aspiration. . . .

When she offered to act in the movies they said she was too fat.

THERE WERE SIX JEWELS IN THE KING'S PALACE

By J. C. Van De Grift

I.

THERE were six jewels in the King's palace and they were covered with dust.

II.

Now, as the King lay upon his bed at night staring up into the darkness, behold, out of the blackness, before his eyes glittered and gleamed a jewel, flashing and dancing like the Fire God's Eyes.

And the King stretched forth his hand to touch it.

Then spake the Jewel, flashing and dancing, "Touch me not, O King. Let me be free."

"Nay," said the King, "for thee do I desire above all other jewels."

Then the Jewel answered, flashing and dancing, "Touch me not, O King, lest, being thine, thy desire for me be dead and I be but as other stones."

But the King spake quickly, "Nay, O Jewel, desire for thee shall never die. Come into my hand. Thou shalt not be forgotten as the others."

Then the King stretched forth his hand and took the jewel.

III.

There are seven jewels in the King's palace and they are covered with dust.

THE OLDEST ART IN THE WORLD

By Helen Woljeska

I

THE first female who fastened bits of pearly shell into her shaggy mane with the intention of making herself more beautiful crossed the line between the beast and the human. She became the mother of all art and religion and civilization. Bow down before this savage Eve!

Long before history began the cult of beauty had begun. And since then it never stopped flourishing. Assiduously the women of all peoples and all times devoted themselves to its service: ardent priestesses! The little shop-girl who dabs her face with rouge and lavender powder—the Maori who tattoos her skin in weird designs—alike they are fired by the desire to live up to an ideal! An ideal of physical perfection only, yet an ideal. And numberless vanities: paints and perfumes, powders and ointments, are the essentials with which to perform the priestly rites of the cult. These vanities, elusive, seductive, occasionally ridiculous, have accompanied the human races in their march through the ages. They have done their share to beautify, idealize and elate that sometimes too drab episode called life.

Four thousand years before Christ, Egypt, as the first of the nations, made its appearance on the stage which we Occidentals call "World History." Already the Egyptians were a united people, with highly organized ecclesiastic and bureaucratic classes, an ordered political life, flourishing agriculture, a resplendent capital, and possessing the priceless treasure of a written language, without which, of course, all historical chronicle is impossible. And among these first written records of the human race we find it related that the women of ancient Egypt powdered their faces, tinted their lips, darkened their eyelashes, perfumed their hair, polished their teeth, manicured their nails—exactly as the women of this so progressive twentieth century are doing to-day.

It is a curious fact that, in many cases, the very same ingredients which were used six thousand years ago are still considered standards to-day. For instance the old Egyptian "mestem," the alKoh'l of the Arabs, was nothing but black sulphide of antimony, which is still being used to-day to darken the lashes and lids and give the eye its languorous lustre. It came in small bottles of metal, the stopper lengthened into a stem with which to apply the paint—you can find the identical thing on your wife's dressing table.

Another instance is the white of lead, which Egyptian ladies used to whiten their complexion. This most beautiful and poisonous of paints is so seductive to women that even the knowledge of its deadly nature and their "modern enlightenment" cannot induce them to discard it. Patrons of beauty-parlours will hail as an old, but slightly altered acquaintance the dough of wheat flour and spring water which was applied at night to preserve all the delicacy of a youthful skin. Kyphi (an incense), wax, olive oil and milk were formed into a kind of cold-cream to massage away wrinkles. And a mixture of nitre (a native soda, now largely replaced

by the milder borax) and ground alabaster (our toilette sand) was used to rejuvenate a faded complexion.

Schech, mother of the Egyptian Queen Teta, is authoress of the very first recorded recipe for a hair-dye. And on a venerable papyrus the German novelist and historian Ebers discovered the following detailed instruction of "How to prepare pastilles to perfume the breath." Here is the recipe:

"Use equal quantities of dried myrrh, juniper, kyphi, mastix and raisins—pound it all—boil with honey—and form into pastilles. To be used at night and morning in the privacy of your chamber."

And to think that these quaintly dignified pastilles were the ancestors of our vulgar chewing-gum! Evidently—at least so far as good taste is concerned—humanity's march has not all been in a forward direction. . . .

As the old Egyptians felt the greatest concern for their dead, they were eager to keep them as life-like as possible and to surround them with all the things that had been dearest and most necessary to them in life. Accordingly the opening of the pyramids brought back to life wonderfully preserved mummies of kings and princesses, swathed in royal stuffs, their lids still blackened with mestem, their nails tinted with henna or carefully gilded, and at their sides gracefully fashioned vases and boxes of metal or stone, curiously carved or inlaid, containing the face-paints, ointments, and rare scents so highly prized by their owners before they laid down to rest, thousands of years ago. It is to these samples that we mostly owe our knowledge of the ingredients of Egyptian cosmetica.

After the Egyptians, the Babylonians emerged from the darkness of prehistoric ages, soon followed by the Assyrians, Israelites, Phœnicians—all belonging to the Semitic family of nations. These were peoples much more aggressive and picturesque than the static and sculpturesque Egyptians, peoples who engaged in trading and seafaring, inventors of the beginnings of our modern alphabets, creators of the first monotheistic religion—and of course great lovers of beauty.

Their records tell us much of woman and her vanities. The books of Hebrew history and poetry especially are full of allusions to paints, ointments, and perfumes. The favourite scent of the Jewish woman was the enervating Kopher (the Kypros of the Romans, our modern Chypre), made from the blossoms of the henna plant. She darkened her eyelids with Kochl, and painted her face with "Puch"—evidently a very costly cosmetic of which, unfortunately, we have lost all trace. Job's third daughter was called "Keren-Happuch," literally "little rouge pot." In the second book of Kings we are told how the "cursed woman Jezebel painted her face, and adorned her head, and looked out of the window." Ezekiel (xxiii. 40) speaking of Aholibah (Jerusalem)—they had a curious predilection for thinking and speaking about wicked women, those preachers of a darker age!—cries: "Thou didst wash thyself, paintedst thy eyes, and deckedst thyself with ornaments—and satest upon a stately bed, with a table before it, whereupon thou hadst mine incense and mine oil—" And Jeremiah, addressing Judah (iv. 30): "And when thou art spoiled, what wilt thou do? Though thou clothest thyself with crimson, though thou deckedst thyself with ornaments and rentest thy face with painting—in vain shalt thou make thyself fair!"

"The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon—" sings Solomon (addressing the church, we are taught . . .)—"Camphire with spikenard, spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." While the Book of Esther informs us that a virgin, before she might be presented to King Ahasuerus, had to be saturated with perfumes, myrrh, and balms for six months, while an equally long time was devoted to adorning her with fragrant

spices, "sweet odours and other things for the purification of women—" Quite as long as this, I believe, no woman has ever again needed for her toilette.

Naturally the traditions of these fiery nations tell of many magnificent women. Most far-famed among them is Semiramis, the luxurious Babylonian princess, queen of King Bin-Nirars of Assyria, who reigned about 800 B.C. She was celebrated alike for her irresistible beauty and sumptuous display, and her sexual excesses shocked and dazzled the world. A sorceress in the art of cosmetics, she never grew old, And she never died. But when the weariness of life overcame her, Semiramis was changed into one of the sacred doves of Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of love.

In 539 B.C. Kyros of Persia victoriously entered Babylon, and with him the great Aryan or Indo-Germanic race, bearer of what we call "civilization," took the centre of the world's stage, which it has held, almost without interruption, ever since. It came to its first full bloom in Europe, with the development of the Greek and Roman nations —both of them unsurpassed worshippers of beauty.

II

In Greece the care of beauty began, rationally, with the bath, followed by massage with œsypus (our lanoline) and finally varied gymnastic exercises. A better foundation for the care of one's body has not been devised yet. Later, as Greece became richer and more luxurious, perfumes were added to the lanoline and oils, and a salve composed of many precious ingredients, the Myron, was introduced from Asia. Her Pharmakopolo sold to the Greek woman all the varied necessities of her toilette table: Psymithion, the irresistible white lead, was used as white, mercuric sulphide as red, paint. Antimony for the eyes, and resin for the teeth, were as popular as ever. Diapasmata, powdered flowers and spices, took the place of our sachets and were lavishly applied to clothes and beds.

Homer tells us that Circe, the beautiful sorceress, anointed each part of her body with a different perfume, and the whole composed so subtle and exquisite a harmony that even the stern Ulysses was completely bewitched. In later times this use of perfumed oils and ointments, a special kind for each different part of the body, became quite common. Egyptian ointment was chosen for the feet and thighs, Phœnician nard for the breast, Amaraccus oil for hair and eyebrows, Serpyllion salve for the knees.

Greek history is rich in beautiful women. Resplendent names! Our times have none worthy to be uttered in the same breath. Phryne, the model for Apelles' Aphrodite Anadyomene and Praxiteles' Cnidian Aphrodite—Thais, mistress of Alexander the Great, for whose pleasure Persepolis was burnt, and who died as Queen of Egypt, virtuous and respectable wife of Ptolemy Lagus—and above all Aspasia, the Unrivalled, Friend of Pericles, Socrates and Alcibiades, she who "united in herself the three principal goddesses: Aphrodite, goddess of physical beauty; Hera, goddess of moral beauty, and Athena, goddess of mental beauty"—Aspasia, who said, "Beauty is not a condition, but an art," "Beauty is a difficult art, even for the most beautiful," and "The Good is human—but the Beautiful is divine!"

In Aspasia the cult of beauty had reached its zenith. She stands unparalleled, at least so far as Antiquity is concerned. Perhaps some woman of the Renaissance again united in herself such resplendent qualities of body, brain and heart: perhaps Isabella d'Este. Rome certainly has no such woman to its credit. The matrons and maidens of republican times were stern and puritanical. And imperial Rome knew neither balance nor harmony, as the names of Poppæa, Messalina, Lesbia, will testify. Romans, carrying everything to excess, indulged in paints, perfumes and ointments with grotesque

extravagance. The writers of imperial and later times—Catullus, Ovid, Martial, Petronius, and Juvenal—delight in holding up to ridicule the mad revellers at this Witches' Sabbath of the art of cosmetica, the parvenue Trimalchio, who drenched his dinner guests with perfume—the effeminate emperor Otho who took to war a whole equipment of perfumes and rare lotions—men and women who plastered their faces with pastes, salves and cataplasms, painted and powdered, dyed their hair, aped beauty and youth in a crude exaggeration which defeated its own ends.

Roman women, like their sisters of to-day, believed in the efficacy of mixtures of milk with bread-crumbs, milk with meal of beans, or cream of barley with myrrh, fennel, and sal ammonia. Resin was used for its astringent, gelatine for its mollifying qualities. They bathed in gorgeous silver tubs filled with lukewarm asses'-milk, or with highly perfumed waters softened by emulsions of wheat and myrrh. Enormous sums were spent on "odoramenta." Roses were imported from Kyrene, violets from Athens, nard and balsamic vetiver roots from the Orient henna blossoms from Egypt, "*la langoureuse Asie et la brûlante Afrique*" ransacked for scents, oils and essences. And the men who skilfully combined these precious ingredients into cosmetics—Cosmus, Nicero, Aurelian—were renowned and had their golden reward, just as have in our days Atkins, Pivert and Houbigant.

Also as in our days, dentists knew how to inlay decayed teeth or replace them with artificial ones. Gargling and spraying with scented waters, and chewing of myrrh or mastix was expected to keep the breath pure and sweet. Hair tonics and false hair (especially blond wigs, "made in Germany"), beauty-spots, curling-irons, epilatoria and massage-creams were the vogue—and also some bizarre and rather quaint devices: a hair-dye made from leeches fermented in vinegar, pulverized crocodile's dung to bleach the face, roasted ants' eggs to blacken the eyebrows. . . . For the Roman woman stopped at nothing in her frantic hunt to reach the ideal of her own beauty and irresistible charm. If she failed—it was her misfortune rather than her fault.

LE PRINCE LOINTAIN

By Libussa Dumba

MY glance belongs to any passerby.
My smile to every chance acquaintance.
My handclasp to the friends whose loyalty makes life seem sweeter.
My lips are for my lover.
But my heart—my heart—I keep for him whom I shall never know.

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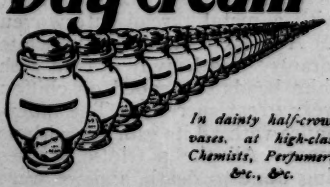

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ABOUT FASHIONS AND OTHER THINGS

By Various Hands

Since January has passed weeping and shivering on her way, and we cannot remain for ever in a despondent mood, our thoughts naturally turn to the brighter days that we long to get, and the optimistic are anticipating their hopes by the most charming little afternoon frocks imaginable. The would-be prophets of the sartorial world would have us believe that the severe tailor-made is passing with all things reminiscent of war. We do not agree with her entirely, as a certain type of woman never looks so *soignée* and well-dressed as when she is severely garbed, though doubtless the little frock of more feminine persuasions is fast capturing our wayward affections.

One of the reasons is that the cloak seems to have "caught on" after all, greatly to the surprise of many who prophesied to the contrary. In Paris, of course, cloaks are having immense success, but, so far, English women have been rather cautious with regard to anything of that sort, and are not easily led away by a mood that is likely to be very much of the moment. However, this is not so with the cloak, which promises to be as ubiquitous over here as it is with our charming Allies. It is a very practical garment in these motorless days of muddy streets, for the problem of the many is how to attend a smart afternoon function and yet run the risk of being caught in the rain, or having to be crushed to a mangled mass in the Tube and keep one's clothes and temper unruffled. The three-quarter length cloak solves the problem. Imagine a short, skimpy little black cloth skirt worn under a very long, perfectly plain tunic made of silvery-blue tissue, the only concession to ornament being the long sash of its own material that is tied in a loose knot low down at the back; over this is worn a long cloak of black cloth boasting a large draped black satin collar and lined throughout with the same glorious tissue; a charming little turban, also of the silvery blue, crowns the whole; and, behold! nothing could be more demure than the little lady garbed in black until she arrives at her destination, when the sable garments are flung open, revealing the gilded butterfly beneath. Tissue is the craze of the moment. It it somewhat gaudy, and not in the best of taste; but reaction must have its fling, and the pendulum needs must rise to opposite heights before descending to the usual balance of restraint and beauty.

In the meantime we are revelling in all the old-time gorgeousness of gold and silver and jewelled clothes so beloved in the fairy tales of our childhood. Diaphanous chiffons are apt to get a little tired after a very few dances, and the girl who goes to an average of about four a week is beginning to find this just a little trying; hence the more solid frock of brocade or tissue. Most of these skirts are very slightly draped at one side, and are short to allow the wearer to dance in comfort; but a great many of them have a long separate square train which starts from the waistline, and can be flung over the arm if desired. Bodices are low and filmy, with usually a "V" of brocade brought up over one side only. Sleeves are conspicuous by their absence or their unobtrusiveness, if I may use the word! Many dance frocks are positively camouflaged in deep fringes. Beads of every hue are pressed into service, but pearls or silvery white or jet are the first favourites.

The new material *par excellence* for the noisy evening spent with a jazz band, or two jazz bands, a good partner and a good floor, is called "foulgarante." It is fairly solid, as it is a kind of light satin with a metal thread interwoven with it. A frock carried out in white "foulgarante" and heavily draped with milk-white beads suspended on chiffon had a very great success! The fancy-dress dance with all its glory is with us once more. All the patriotic dresses are being done to death, and we were distinctly indebted to the man who went in hunting kit and called himself "Peace." Another impolite male creature actually went with a smoking-jacket, a pipe, and a crown labelled

When My Boy Comes Home.

By MIMOSA.

Wrinkles and Grey Hair Must Disappear.

TWO years can make a great change in a woman's appearance at any time, but two years of war worries often adds ten years to one's apparent age, and this was what the two years during which her husband has been away had done to Gladys Summers. She had aged tremendously; little lines and wrinkles had formed round her eyes, and deep lines around the mouth, and her hair had become tinged with grey. In fact, she was in despair as to what the man who had left her looking so young and fit would think of her when he returned.

Six Weeks to Effect a Transformation.

WHEN she came to confide her troubles to me she had just six weeks in which to improve herself, for by that time he was due home.

Six weeks isn't long, but I felt sure that if she really tried she could make a very great improvement.

Removing the Wrinkles.

TO smooth out the wrinkles I made her get a little pure mercolised wax, rub it gently into her face and neck every night, working the wax into the skin very carefully, and rubbing always in an upward and outward direction. Mercolised wax has the effect of gently and imperceptibly peeling off all the old dead skin, and with it the lines and wrinkles, which, as you probably know, are only on the outer skin and not beneath it, as so many people think. Every night the wax was applied evenly all over the face, and gradually the old skin and the wrinkles disappeared, and the fresh young complexion underneath soon became apparent, soft, smooth, and clear.

Restoring the Grey Hair.

HAIR dyes are an abomination; Gladys and I were both agreed on that point, and, what was far more important, she was dreadfully afraid that if she used a dye, the colour might not be quite the same as her own, and that her husband would notice the difference.

I advised her to get two ounces of tammalite, and to use it regularly for a week. The tammalite should be mixed with three ounces of Bay Rum, and applied to the roots with a small sponge.

Once a fortnight I told her she must shampoo her hair, so as to keep it in good condition, and for this she used a dessertspoonful of stallax dissolved in warm water. After a stallax shampoo it is not necessary to rinse the hair, as the hair is left soft and silky, with a natural wave which is most pleasing.

The Finishing Touches.

INSTEAD of using powder Gladys got an ounce of cleminite and dissolved it in water. This she dabbed over her face and neck, and allowed it to dry on the skin, while to give a slight colour to the cheeks she applied a little colliandum with a piece of cotton-wool. Colliandum is quite unique, as it cannot be detected, and as the atmosphere of the room grows warmer so the colour deepens slightly, giving an absolutely natural appearance.

"Bachelor," and also called himself "Peace."

But the success of that particular evening was secured by a cheeky girl—a very pretty one—who made herself a head-dress of black velvet and stiff white muslin resembling an open book upside down. With this she wore a short impudent frock of bright red, with the names of her friends written all over it in bold black letters. Black silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, black mittens—and can you guess the name? It was the Black Book, or the Book of the Forty Thousand! Somewhat daring, no doubt, but none but the bold deserve the prize at a fancy-dress ball.

Afternoon dances also have to be thought of, and the little frocks of crêpe-de-chine or even figured cotton voile do admirably for these. The hat is somewhat of a problem on these occasions, but the wise girl usually prefers a small close-fitting toque, as anything else is apt to get sadly in the way, and an infinite variety can be shown merely in the manner in which such headgear is put on. Hats promise to be neither too large nor too small in the coming spring. Many severely plain little straw models have already appeared, mostly turned up all round, only more exaggeratedly so at the half-back, their only trimming being a simple ribbon finished with a hanging tassel.

"Jumperitis" is the latest germ that most of us have been attacked by. No cure has been found yet, rather is the disease becoming more prevalent, and those busy people who have been spending all their energies making comforts for the soldier have now turned with a virtuous sigh of relief to the joy of making something pretty for themselves. *Now* is the time to start the spring jumper, and this is delightfully carried out in crêpe-de-chine with a wide band of brilliantly coloured crochet round the hips and sleeves and a "V"-shaped neck opening with a thick chain of wool corking made on a reel on four pins, as we used to fashion reins of multi-coloured wool in the days of our youth. This corking should be weighted with thick tassels low down in front, and inside is worn a separate dainty little slip of lace, which makes a pretty vest.

A GREAT TRIAL

Superfluous hair on the face or neck is a worse trial for a woman than is having too little on her head; that deficiency can always be remedied, without danger of making one look more unsightly than before, but the removal of hair from the face and neck is a different matter. It may have the disastrous result of leaving scars or redness. I would always advise anyone wanting to remove superfluous hair to go to Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, whose skill in all branches of the toilet specialist's art is renowned. Her Ganesh Dara treatment is for home use; it is not a depilatory, but removes hair by the roots, and leaves no mark or scar.

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Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. That is the only reason why so many women now have wrinkles and still consider them incurable. I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles by this method and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertising offer, but the names and addresses will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to seventy years of age, and the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.

Remember I am not asking some ridiculously exorbitant price to try this method, nor do I charge you for any "instructions." I bind no one to secrecy, and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by any sort of "flesh food," face powder, plasters, lotions, or pastes, prescriptions, medicines, steaming, bandages, masks, electricity, exercises, massage, apparatus, or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell you for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any complicated "treatment" or "system," either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex."

I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time this announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but, if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expense. There is no obligation of any kind. Merely address Mme. Y. Miyako (Dept. 127), 48, Dover Street, London, W. 1., and your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return even your postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.

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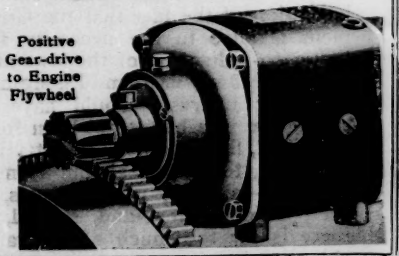

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MOTORS AND MOTORING

By W. Whittall

MOTORING LEGISLATION IN THE FUTURE

Unless the portents are all wrong, we are in for an early revision of the laws governing the use of the self-propelled vehicle. Indeed, I rather anticipate that all highway legislation will come forward for consideration as a part of the programme of reconstruction. The institution of a Ministry of Ways and Communications is sufficient indication of the fact that the Government is alive to the necessity for a better co-ordination of the laws affecting the highway user, and I imagine the motoring interests would have welcomed the idea had it not been for the facts that, first, the new Ministry is, so it is said, to control all our transport systems—railways, roads, canals, and even aerial routes—and, second, that there is far too much of the railway element in its composition. The Minister is himself a railway manager, and the principal posts are, I understand, designated to railway men. Now, it has been the invariable experience of others that, when railways and roads have been placed under a single department of control, the latter have been starved in order to find money for the development of the former. We know that the railways of this country, thanks to their hopeless management, and to some extent owing to labour troubles, are simply living from hand to mouth. Is it likely, therefore, that with a Ministry of Ways and Communications reeking of the railway interest, highway transport will be given any sort of chance to develop along the most natural lines? With all sorts of schemes for the nationalization of railways in the air, where is the money to come from to put our highways into condition to carry modern motor traffic? I cannot see a Minister who has lived and breathed railways for most of his life budgetting for the necessary sums to bring our highways into line with the requirements of the times. It would not be in accord with human nature. I should have precisely the same criticism to pass if the Ministry were staffed with men from the Road Board and the R.A.C., since no department with a single interest at heart can do justice to a general proposition.

In any case, a Ministry of Ways and Communications controlling all our systems of transport savours to me of co-ordination gone mad. What we really want is a Ministry of Roads—call it by any name you like, but that is the effect of it. There is any amount of work for such a department without its having any finger in the railway pie. Personally, I don't care whether the railways are nationalized or not, or what is done with them so long as the Government will take the long view regarding highway administration, since it is to the roads and to the self-propelled road vehicle that we have to look for the solution of the transport problem.

A TIP FOR WINTER MOTORING

A part of the car that as a rule gets far less attention than it deserves is the suspension system. The average car-owner goes carefully, as he thinks, round his car with an oil-can and a "grease-gun," but how often do the springs get properly greased? I undertake to say that not one in ten ever takes the slightest trouble about them. I am afraid I am as guilty as most, or was until I was told about the "Duco" spring gaiter, which does the job all the time. All you have to do is to fit the gaiter, filled with grease, and feed it occasionally as the lubricant is used up. My own experience of these fittings is that they increase the comfort of riding—especially now the roads are uniformly bad—by thirty per cent., which is worth far more than the half-guinea they cost. I would not own a car without them.